





POEMS AND SONGS,
SATIRES
AND
POLITICAL RINGS.

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AND THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE
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PRESIDENT GRANT:

A SATIRE.

APPOMATTOX surrender made Grant a hero—

He was dubbed a Scipio and a Cæsar—

He was not noble, great, nor even grand,

His selfish avarice was his god!

With Johnson he proved a double dealer

And joined a ring of Republican schemers.

In 1868 for President he was then run—

As a candidate both deaf and dumb.

Of all the spirits that Christ scourged

The dumb devil was hardest to purge.

Grant displayed cunning and deceit,

In his letter of "Let us have peace."

When in power, peace was then treason,

His argument was th' bullet and bayonet.

Before election it was his proud boast,

That he had no "policy of his own,"

But when in office he changed his tone.

By him th' Constitution was o'erthrown.

His word was law—and avarice his rule;

He was willful and stubborn as a mule.
 For every present his hand was out,
 Be it turkey, money, stocks, or house.
 After election th' people were alarmed
 When they saw th' President th' dupe of party.
 What the party devised he joined in the plan,
 Finance—reconstruction—and Ku-Klux Klan—
 To prove that rags are as precious as gold.
 He hoisted Bradley and Strong on th' Supreme Court,
 They were expected to do his beck or bidding,
 They were useful on the Electoral Commission,
 As an instrument of a despot the most vile.
 The Supreme Court was re-organized.
 He joined Congress in every scheme,
 And as an inducement they raised his pay.
 He was plied by strikers and lobbyists,
 He was the dupe of salary grabbers,
 With political knowledge he was not blessed,
 He knew enough to feather his nest,
 He was elected to preside o'er the nation—
 He got rich offices for his relations,
 Father, brother, sons, and brother-in-law Casey.
 When at Galena he was but a tanner,
 Now he was win'd and din'd by Wall street bankers.
 He had a large salary—got presents and things,
 He became the dupe of a whiskey ring,
 They were wretches, avaricious, low, and mean,
 Orville, Belknap, Babcock, McDonald, and McKey—
 And although Belknap in war was not famous,
 He won renown as a military post trader.

As a soldier he did not rival Cæsar.
 He made money out of soldiers and rations.
 When at Keokuk he was very poor,
 At Washington he drove a coach and four—
 When his jobs were discovered, he did cry—
 Like father Adam—"Oh, blame my wife!"
 When to prison he would go for his crimes,
 Grant exclaimed—my friend you resign.
 To pay the debt both principal and interest,
 A duty was laid on spirituous liquor.
 To collect this revenue all o'er the nation,
 Th' Government employ'd inspectors and gaugers—
 The gaugers and distillers devised a plan,
 By which out of two gallons the Government got one;
 This on the Government was a great fraud.
 Out of the revenue the Government got half.
 You now ask me where the other half went;
 Ask Grant, Babcock, and the whiskey ring.
 This whiskey conspiracy had its ramification—
 Its headquarters was in Grant's bed-chamber.
 As long as the fox runs he is caught at last—
 Bristow and his detectives pounced on Bab.;
 Some of Bristow's lynx-eyed boys
 In St. Louis got an indictment for Joyce,
 And before Bristow the ring would shake,
 He got Grant to sign, "Let no guilty man escape:"
 Joyce, McDonald, Avery, McKey, and Maguire,
 All of Grant's chickens, were caged in the wires;
 Not the wires that cage canaries and linnets,
 But the prison bars of Jefferson City.

As the mother hen gathers her chickens under her wing—
 The President's pardon was a good thing—
 And as the hen to her chicks doth cluck,
 Grant with his pardon th' birds did hush up.
 When McKey was caged th' *Democrat* did rant,
 And Grant was afraid they'd cage his Bab.,
 And that th' jail birds would blab, blab, blab.
 Bristow and the courts did Bab. alarm—
 He'd a military commission in Chicago.
 Hancock and others—good men and true men,
 Sent Bab. and his imps back to St. Louis ;
 Judge Treat was filling up the prison,
 And as a dead weight Grant sent 'em Dillon.
 When Grant saw that Bab. would be caged,
 He trembled for Orville—his heart did ache.
 Off to St. Louis his detective did hie,
 To steal from the U. S. Attorney evidence on file—
 Whiskey conspirators weren't then alarmed,
 For the President withdrew th' "State's-evidence pardon."
 Because Gen. Custer testified 'gainst the ringers,
 He was sent on th' plains to be scalped by Indians.
 The Attorney-Gen'ral, the vile old sinner,
 Instead of prosecuting Bab. became his defender,
 The President's power—oh, jury and Dillon,
 Bab. th' whiskey conspirator was finally acquitted—
 The power of the President was so great,
 Bab.'s indictment was hushed up for "*blowing up a safe.*"
 And before the President's term did end,
 He opened th' jail-door and let the birds out to sing.
 In 1875, Grant and his vile abettors,

Electioneered for a Presidential third term ;
 If he'd got a third he'd want a fourth one,
 He'd be a dictator like Cæsar or Napoleon.
 His imperial airs were so unusual,
 That he would play Cæsar in the future—
 His military power was so despotic,
 • That th' people feared th' man on horseback.
 A third nomination doubtless he'd win,
 But for Belknap, Babcock, and the whiskey ring.
 His military renown was daily waning,
 Before Congressional Committee investigation.
 The people's confidence in Grant had diminished,
 When they saw the President shielding whiskey ringers.
 In 1876, Jim Blaine made a great splurge,
 In Congress he flaunted his bloody shirt,
 He would be nominated for President, certain,
 But for the lobbyists and "Mulligan letters."
 Morton, Butler, and other wily knaves,
 "Put up the job" to slaughter Jim Blaine.
 Between Republican aspirants rivalry was great—
 As a compromise candidate they ran Hayes.
 Grant feared that by Tilden he'd be investigated,
 He tried to carry the election by soldiers and bayonets.
 Instead of keeping the army at the Black Hills,
 He sent them South to bulldoze "the colored men."
 Grant proved a traitor in the "*Alabama Claims*,"
 A dupe in San Domingo and Samana Bay.
 In 1869 Grant joined in the bond-holders plan,
 By signing the bill for the bond-holding clan.
 A bill for paying the five-twenties in gold.

Thus, out of the Treasury millions were *stole*.
 In 1873 Grant showed his mean folly,
 By demonetizing our silver dollar.
 When Grant was President, the people were **alarmed**,
 When the Southern States were governed by **satraps**,
 Carpet-bag governors he upheld by bayonets,
 In South Carolina, Scott, Moses and Chamberlain.
 In Louisiana his "military rule" was despotic,
 The ballot-box was overthrown by Kellogg and Packard.
 Republican papers cried "Oh, Hamburg!"
 In South Carolina rifle clubs were disbanded,
 His military orders were despotic, unusual—
 A violation of State rights and the Constitution.
 On the State Governors Grant did frown,
 He'd supplant self-government by military power.
 In his Southern policy he stood alone.
 He knew no laws but military force—
 In his policy to protect "the colored man,"
 He put the South under military ban.
 Grant, the tyrant, triumphed o'er the law,
 Like Pisastratus, he had a body-guard.
 To use intimidation and bribery at the ballot-box,
 Federal officers were taxed by Chandler and Cameron.
 From the North there was a carpet-baggers' flood
 Of men who left their country for their country's good,
 For during this fierce political strife,
 Carpet-baggers robbed the people—"black and white."
 To purge the carpet-bag rule from the Southern States,
 Caused the colored stampede to Tilden from Hayes.
 After election the Republicans found it out,

That Grant's misrule united the "*Solid South*."

Republicans grief and spite were very great,

When they found Tilden elected over Hayes.

Grant, Chamberlain and Cameron, and other rogues,

Kept Tilden out of office by "Returning Boards."

Grant's tactics was a military display,

To bull-doze the Democrats and inaugurate Hayes.

His military display alarmed the Nation ;

In South Carolina he ousted the legislature,

In Louisiana he followed up his military tactics,

With troops he supported Kellogg and Packard.

Chandler and Cameron laid the wires and ropes,

To get fraudulent certificates from Returning Boards.

In Florida, South Carolina, carpet-bag States,

Fraudulent electors were returned for Hayes.

When the Republicans found themselves beaten,

They cried out "bull-dozing" and "intimidation!"

The canvassing-boards, their deputies and clerks,

Had contested returns compiled in the dark.

The Returning Board of the State of Louisiana,

Offered to sell out for a million dollars.

In South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana,

The Returning Boards ousted towns and parishes.

In the three last mentioned carpet-bag States,

Democratic parishes were thrown out to give certificates to
Hayes.

Grant was the first President to employ military law,

Hayes the first President chosen by fraud.

In the memorable year of the Nation's Centennial,

There were two Presidential aspirants, Hayes and Tilden.

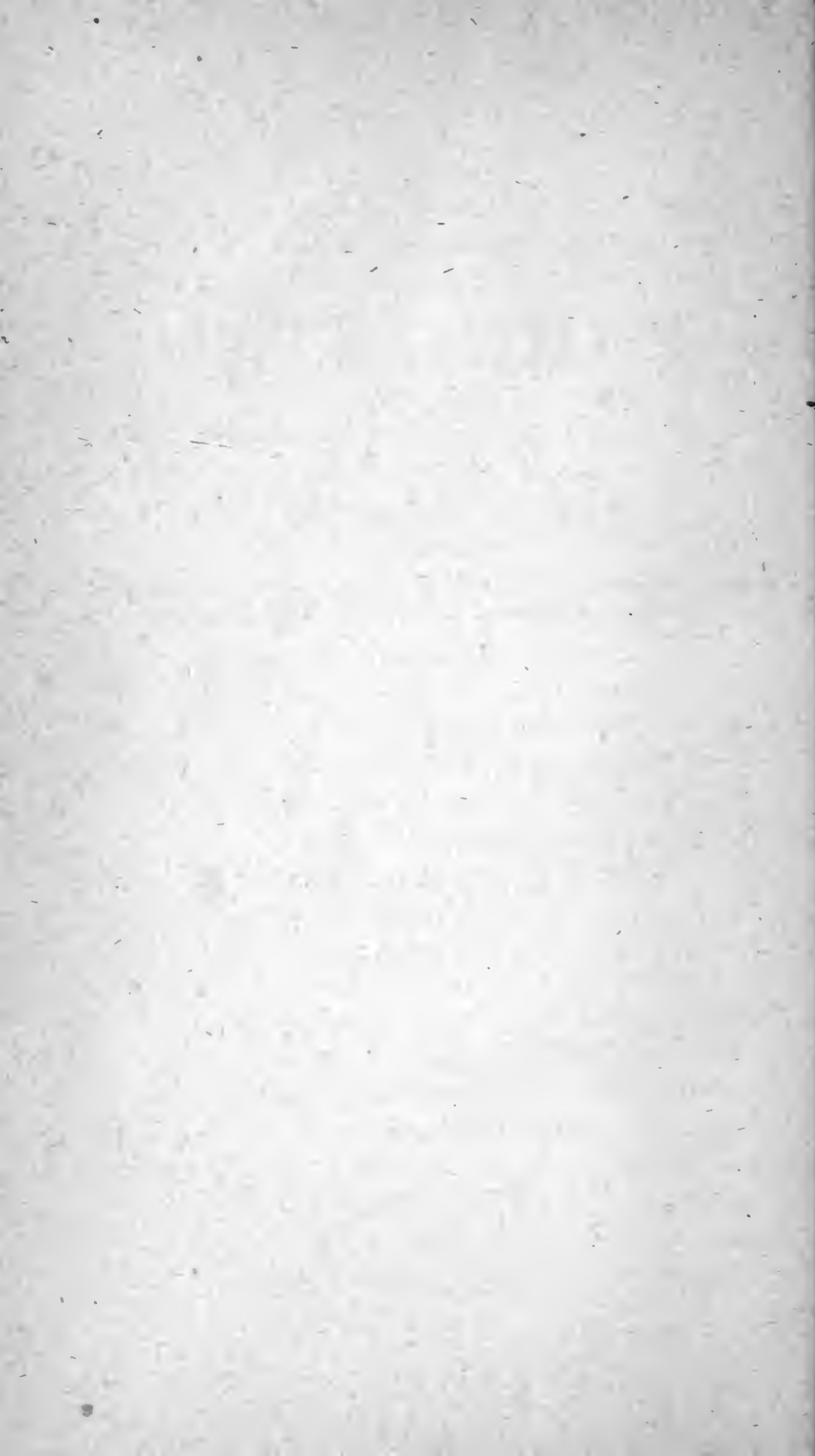
The Democrats said they elected Tilden and Hendricks,
 The Republicans said that Grant would make Hayes winner.

The fear of another war had alarmed the Nation,
 The people feared the presidential question would end with bayonets,

They said that fifteen would settle our political trouble.
 The Democrats squirmed under eight to seven.
 Tilden and Hewitt thought they were a match for Hayes,
 But they found their seven swallowed up by eight.
 The people were astounded to behold the new plan,
 When the president of forty-five millions was chosen by one man.

The Democrats cried out it was deceit at the best,
 But if victors, in future, they must fly to the West—
 Beware of all political hacks, tricksters and schemers,
 Trust not in empty promises in the year eighty—
 We will have our chief magistrate elected by ballot,
 Not by Returning Boards—Wells, Morton and Bradley,
 The President in future must be elected by ballot.
 We will abolish the nuisance, the Electoral College,
 The people will then assume their sovereignty ;
 The majority in future shall rule the minority.
 Grant, when first elected, had military fame,
 He left the White House in a cloud of shame.
 He went to Galena, where he was a tanner,
 And then to England to see Mrs. Sartoris.
 Mrs. Grant was all fidget and racket,
 Preparing to sail by the very next packet,
 Grant, in London, put on princely airs,

He bowed his head to the rich and great,
 He got receptions from Ministers of State—
 A reward for his treason with Alabama Claims—
 In his speeches to John B—— he had the folly
 To pledge Columbia as a British ally.
 The Galena tanner in pompous state,
 Hob-nobbed to Victoria and the Prince of Wales.
 He is the first President with the brand,
 Of putting on royal airs in foreign lands !
 Grant appeared in uniform—military traps,
 He acted the Lickspittle—a military fop.
 He danced attendance on lords and dukes.
 He had an invitation each day in June—
 He would act Cæsar or a Mogul,
 And for a commission he'd turn Turk.
 Oh, what a time had the Galena tanner,
 Taking a drive in Victoria's fine carriage!
 He despised his countrymen as serfs,
 While wining and dining with the stupid guelpha.
 John B—— cared little for Grant's folly,
 Only he wanted Uncle Sam for an ally.



POLITICAL RINGS:

A SATIRE.

BY P. CUDMORE, Esq.,

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.

Author of the "Civil Government of the States and the Constitutional History of the United States," the "Irish Republic," etc., etc.

Poets of yore to Parnassus did wing—
And invoked the muses to aid 'em to sing—
Their themes often were grand and sublime.
Some like Dante hurled shafts of satire—
Others writ of heroic deeds—chieftains and kings.
My theme is corruption and political rings—
Politicians have form'd rings in ev'ry place—
And a Canal ring in th' Empire State.
Rings in ev'ry county, town, city, and ward,—
There was a corrupt ring in Tammany Hall.
Connolly, Sweeney, Tweed, and their pals,
Were indicted for corruption and fraud.
They thought that their deeds ne'er would be known,
For they controll'd th' Legislature and th' Courts.
And although Tweed possessed millions,
O'Connor and th' "*Seventy*" sent 'im to prison—

To rob Uncle Sam is a profitable thing,
 And in Washington is a Treasury ring.
 There are rings of distillers and gaugers,
 Bab.'s conspiracy was in Grant's chamber—
 The rings had their aiders and abettors,
 A Washington ring was headed by Shepherd—
 By Court-House rings the people are defrauded.
 There was a corrupt ring in Chicago—
 There are treasury defaulters in th' States all o'er,
 And S——, and M——, in Minnesota.
 Tweed for his frauds to prison did go—
 A defalcation, in Minnesota, is called a "*lone*."
 There are rings to rob the poor red man—
 There were rings of schemers to evade the draft.
 Rings for stealing in the public lands,
 And a ring for stealing by "*railroad bonds*."
 Rings of schemers, rogues, and defrauders,
 And many rings for robbing the farmers.
 Rings of lobbyists, strikers—political thieves.
 And railroad rings—and the "*Credit Mobilier*."
 Rings for stealing in the State school funds,
 And rings for monopoly in school books—
 And rings for stealing in the swamp lands,
 And rings for stealing in school fund bonds,
 Rings for stealing from the poor Indians,
 And rings of defaulters—agents of pensions;
 In the pension office was a big steal,
 Jim B——r, in Chicago, bulldozed Miss Sweet—
 There were rings of trappers and Indian traders,
 And rings to buy up Territorial Legislatures,

Rings for stealing in the State pine lands,
 And a ring for th' payment of railroad bonds.
 Rings of gaugers and inspectors of stills—
 Millions are stolen by "Crooked Whiskey" rings.
 Revenue thieves make a very big thing—
 And in New York is a Custom-house ring.
 In ev'ry legislature are lobby ringers,
 And in Minnesota are railroad skimmers—
 Rings of bondholders and railroad agents,
 Skimmers by name and skimmers by nature.
 Mc—— made a fortune in pine land stumps,
 And built a huge mansion with "State funds."
 Th' Government is robbed by contractors and builders,
 They are aided by army and naval ringers—
 Rings influence men in high and low station,
 And railroad rings the State Legislatures—
 Rings for reconstructing th' Southern States,
 And Grant's conspiracy to inaugurate Hayes—
 Many rings of miners and land grabbers,
 And rings of speculators—"railroad wreckers,"
 And rings for cheating in wheat and oats
 And for defrauding th' Gov't by cancelling its notes.
 And although th' rings did plunder and steal,
 Th' President and Governors did 'em shield.
 Many were indicted for "huge steals"—
 Th' prosecution increased th' debts of th' States.
 None ev'r doubted of their plunder and fraud,
 Money and party triumphed o'er th' laws.
 And where th' dominant party didn't want investigation
 Th' matter was hushed up by accepting a resignation—

To cover up frauds and stealings Juries are packed
And State and County Attorneys wink at th' job—
And when to prison was sent a rogue or defaulter,
The Jail door was opened by th' President's pardon.
There are rings and defaulters in ev'ry station
And corruption and plunder all o'er th' nation.
Oh, for a Jefferson, a Jackson, or a Clay !
We have mere politicians—has virtue failed ?

A COURT-HOUSE RING.

A SATIRE.

IN this poem, I am not over civil
M—— D——, stands for “Mike the Devil.”
With vile politicians he was in Co—
So you may call him Buck or Do.
My theme is n’t of faries, heroes, or princes,
But of one o’ th’ vilest of vile politicians.
D—— was not known to the rulers of nations ;
In Kilkenny (——) he took up his station.
When he enter’d politics, he was no expert,
Till he became an apprentice to Beelzebub.
Bubby tutored him in lies and deceit,
Till he eclips’d the serpent that tempted Eve.
This C—— hack had a battalion of spies,
He defeat’d Doyle and D——ty with deceit and lies.
This trickster had no love for pigeon or dove,
In his greed he gulp’d down Kilkenny’s sweet bird ;
With lies, corruption, he stirred up contention ;
He was an adept at packing a convention.
Satan, with a smile, said to old Do,
“For Greenbacks you sell the county’s Gold ;”
For well you know how to grab up pelf,
You may keep the profit to yourself.

Said Do to Satan, "I'll do it smart."
 So with th' county's gold he got his first start.
 His satyric phiz had a smile satanic,
 When he defeated poor John L. Meagher.
 While handling S——'s money he felt very big—
 With promises and lies he defeated Bill Smith.
 Bill was undaunted (———), he was a trump,
 And rather than yield he ran on th' stump.
 Do for to match 'im and cause him to stumble,
 With the aid of Dick Walsh he ran Frank Quinlan.
 Frank was jovial, jolly, and easy ;
 With dangling curls he charmed some ladies ;
 But the dangling curls have fled, alas !
 Who now cares for Doran's poor old Ass ?
 Franky was lazy (———), he drank "much sack,"
 It will cost a million for his clerk.
 Let Frank cry, "Commune"—and "tramp, tramp,"
 He's a dearer pill than th' bogus bonds.
 I remember how Frank's heart did flutter
 When he was pursu'd by Tim for th' buggy.
 M—— D—— ground his teeth and he swore like Satan,
 When he was defeated by Luther Z. Rogers.
 D—— had at command men of all brands,
 He'd a brace of supporters in Cadwell and Bangs.
 With his victories he felt quite inflated,
 He was ready to burst like th' toad in th' fable.
 Though a mere lout and ignorant boor,
 He became ambitious of honor and fame ;
 And, in his pride, he aspired to an office of State.
 By packing conventions he got a delegation,
 And for State Auditor he got a nomination.
 Fearing some light—he signed his resignation.
 He got a plotting—and by deception and scheming,
 He thought to get to Congress or some high station.
 Though not gifted as a debater or orator,

He'd make a mark as a striker (——) Salary Grabber.
 To make th' road clear for his political plans,
 He laid his traps to defeat McDonald and Cox.
 In all o' his scheming, early and late,
 He was a mere tool of Horace B. Strait.
 As long as th' fox runs he is captured at last—
 Cudmore, th' historian, let th' cat out of th' bag.
 Do an apprentice of old Beelzebub,
 Finds his Congressonal honors (——) a bubble of suds.
 In 1875 Do elected Frank Kolars ;
 In 1876 his *Jim* was defeated by Borer.
 Through Kilkenny this hopeful was in a sputter,
 Drumming up votes for mere bread and butter.
 M—— D—— cared little for friend, cousin, brother ;
 With "no Irish need apply" he defeated Tom Byrne.
 This miserable boor was bloated with pride—
 Like a hawk on a bird he pounced on M. Wilds.
 In th' Legislature Do defeated Mark for Superintendent,
 For bringing to light Do's figures while Treasurer.
 Mark felt indignant at th' loss of his station,
 And as County Commissioner su'd Do for ——.
 Bangs was dejected—th' county employed Cox—
 On th' eve of election Le Sueur was "nolle pros."
 When M—— D—— goes through th' county puppies do
 bark,
 They feel so indignant for th' dogs that he taxed.
 To get the County Seat to th' Centre puzzled his wit,
 Till he got th' aid of Rogers, Mort, and E. Smith.
 Back again to Le Sueur th' officials he'd quarter,
 And sell for a poor-house his building, farm.
 The County officials he put under tribute—
 He laid it thick on Quinlan, Kolars, Kinsey—
 His man Friday—fugleman in every season,
 Was his ready tool—bald-headed Mike Gr——y.
 Mike was not active at capturing thieves,

He knew enough figures to multiply fees.
 Old Mike, the Sheriff (——) a man of straw,
 In the Court-house stands (——) a pipe in his jaw.
 What a phiz—sniff—snivel—snuffle—sneeze!
 He lost th' hair of his head adding fees.
 Where to place Mc I am at my wits end,
 And for th' present he may straddle th' fence.
 Th' fear of bodily harm troubled D——'s mind,
 He sent to St. Peter honest Bill Dynes.
 In 1867, D—— for Treasurer did run—
 To head him off, John ran on the stump.
 In 1875, Do devis'd th' Satanic plan,
 Th' defeat o' Borer with political hacks.
 C—— was defeated by political tricksters.
 The cry of the ring was, "stick to the ticket ;"
 Then, to defeat C——, the Court-house pack
 All united from Do to ——,
 O'er political blood-hounds Do's whip did crack,
 G——y, Q——, M——y, and "*Jim*" joined th' pack.
 With literary talent Do was not bless'd,
 Yet, in Le Sueur, he bulldozed th' press.
 M—— D——, for the bonds, didn't know how to vote.
 He consulted C——n, not a judge of a court.
 Those he didn't enlist with promises and ——
 He united his dupes like Satan with lies.
 During the war he was a man-catcher—trap—
 He joined a ring for evading the draft.
 M—— D——, Capt. C——, and Dr. Mayo,
 To evade the draft, met in Faribault.
 That mean vile crew, with satanic skill,
 Out of poor men did their pockets fill.
 They had their runners—man-catchers—traps—
 Who made believe they'd exempt from th' draft.
 Their delud'd dupes in numbers flocked,
 And gave th' draft ring thousands in greenbacks.

The mean, vile, low ring made the mare go,)
 And for greenbacks fleeced friend and foe.
 As a billy goat scampers down hill,
 D—— ran off from Marshal Averill.
 Like the vile arch fiend fallen from bliss,)
 Do's sole delight was in doing amiss.
 To set up his pins securely and strong,
 He made nominations in Le —— bank.
 While playing billiards (——) drinking in grog shops,
 He selected his tools for packing caucuses—
 He rode through the county to mature his plans ;'
 He used beer and whisky and a low dance.
 When he found men more practical than funny,
 With the beer and th' dance he gave them m——y.
 He employed craft, malice, envy (——) double dealing ;
 Ambiguity—tricks—deceit—promises—scheming.
 To rule or ruin he'd use money and spies,
 And, like Satan, mix truth "to vent more lies."
 He dissembled (——), the rich he worshiped and praised ;
 He looked on foes with anger and low disdain.
 His duped followers oft he did beguile,
 With fair promises and satanic lies.
 He seldom or never prayed to the most High ;
 He bent his knee to Satan and Belial ;
 He car'd not for heroes—not Agamemnon ;
 A mean hunk he—hunker-like worship'd Mammon.
 For wealth and power he had a thirst,
 He took Satan's counsel—"Get money first."
 For to get wealth (——) his motto was, "succeed."
 In deceit, lies, and cunning he eclipsed th' fiend.
 This greedy cormorant cared not for God's law,)
 If with filthy lucre he could fill his maw.
 To get votes or to reap more gain,
 He'd worship Satan's God—even Baal.
 He was outlandish, base, mean, and vile ;)

Even the truth he mixed with lies.
 Th' trickster thinks that by means of pelf,
 That to Congress he will go himself.
 Th' trickster to Congress ne'er will go,
 Be his reward of merit th' hangman's rope!
 Indeed, the slave has his tools and spies,
 And he pulls his puppets with his wires.
 Now, to this trickster a word I say—
 That every mean dog has his day!

DORAN'S ASS—1878.

Franky, indeed, was quite a mean one—
 He turned Turk—he turned Bohemian ;
 Not, indeed, for what he ev'r had "wrote,"
 But for packing caucuses—trading votes.
 Franky to his friends never was true ;
 To gain a voter he would lose two.
 He was with all parties on all questions ;
 He was false to his friends ; he us'd deception ;
 To get elected was his aim and end.
 For a few votes he would sell his friends.
 At conventions how he raves and rants,
 That noisy, toady and silly Frank !
 How the people listen when they pass,
 Just to hear the bray of Doran's ass !!
 That stupid ass, in his pranks one day,
 From his cruel master ran away ;
 But the noisy, stupid, servile, hack,
 Just when Doran whistled, hurried back.
 He stooped down at his master's crack,
 To get his burden put on his back.
 While he stood mute at his master's rack,
 He was told the convention he should pack ;

That he should work, then canter and bray,
 While his cruel master was at th' fair.
 Just wait awhile till election day,
 'This stupid ass will want more fresh hay.
 When this stupid donkey will want oats,
 Or in other words, the people's votes,
 Tell this donkey, when for votes he asks,
 You can go to thistles—"go to grass!"
 A bald-headed sheriff, with a frown,
 Said the "ticket with Irish don't load down!"
 This d——, this s——, of the Irish nation,
 By Irishmen's votes got his high station.
 This mean hack for Doran loudly bawls—
 In seventy-nine he'll have a fall.
 The donkey's blood-hounds, Doran's vile pack,
 The people will clear from th' election track.
 'Stick to the ticket," is th' cry of th' hacks;
 Let the people shout, "Vote for greenbacks!"
 When he wants votes, Doran's hack doth whine,
 Don't you forget, "No Irish need apply!"
 He'd keep Irishmen from office, the mean elf;
 Let th' rule be applied, then, to himself.

M—— D——'s study early and late,
 Was to get office, real estate—
 To get pelf, power—office—civil,
 He sold himself unto the devil!
 The contract was drawn with devil's skill,
 Was writ in blood with a raven's quill.
 To get knowledge from Beelzebub,
 He drank raven's blood from a raven's skull—
 Bird of darkness—ill-omen—evil—
 D——'s companion is the devil.
 The Black Crook, or fiend of sable night,
 Will take (D——) to his kingdom in his flight.

The vile arch-fiend employed his skill,
 And tutored D—— to manage the mill.
 When by "hocus-pocus, presto, pass,"
 The mill stockholders then "went to grass."
 The fiend worked hard, early and late,
 And gave M—— office, wealth, real estate.
 Th' evil one's power he did employ,
 That his enemies he could defy.
 They say the devil must have his due—
 Others joined M—— D——'s vile crew ;
 For to gain influence and capture votes,
 D——, with Lapland witches, rode a goat.
 The mean dregs of every nation
 Worked for D—— for wealth or station ;
 This vile, low herd—this mean, servile pack—
 Always ready when M——'s whip did crack.
 Those that the fiend raised always fell ;
 D—— and his crew may go to h—ll.
 Before you vote think awhile and stop ;
 In Le Sueur is a "put-up job."
 If you vote for Doran's servile hacks,
 You will have the bonds upon your backs ;
 You will have to work hard night and day,
 The bogus railroad bonds for to pay !
 Fearing that C—— would run on th' stump,
 D—— met his asses at the town pump ;
 At th' town pump they joined in marriage.
 Seventy-nine there'll be a miscarriage !
 The people 'll have a very long rest ;
 There will be a divorce of the pests.
 D—— ground his teeth with a great frown ;
 He said, "Iv'e asses in every town."
 His donkeys were running night and day,
 And palsy-headed *Jack* made a loud bray ;
 O'er th' county it was gallop and trot ;

What a mean donkey was lying Jack !
 In ev'ry town he had hacks and spies ;
 Blatherskite *Jack* told a bundle of lies.
 Ill it fared with poor old Do,
 That his insane job was no go.
 To congress he cannot now sail,
 On his last hobby, th' county jail.
 Down, down, down-hill he now must slide—
 Th' state prison hobby he can't ride.
 For his mean, low Kasota trick,
 In the next race he will break his neck.

Old Frank was mean, low, and wicked,
 For he burned John Harty's greenback ticket.
 Now he is on the election track,
 With a load of sin upon his back.
 After election Franky will weep,
 On his very long trip up Salt Creek !
 On the stump th' ring thought C—— too bluff,
 And one of the gang was Deacon Killduff.
 Th' political hacks will meet their doom ;
 They will be swept from office with a broom.
 The ring will yet come to grief and shame
 For imputing greenbackers insane.
 A judgment will follow their mean tricks ;
 They or their friends will be lunatics.
 For their low cunning, deceit, falsehood,
 The court-house rats will shed tears of blood.
 Stewart met with sorrow, grief, and woe,
 When M—— D—— he joined in Co.
 What a sad, dismal tale he can tell ;
 He paid for his lesson very well !
 The plan is now laid—the trap is set—
 Another victim is in the net.
 M—— D—— will live as he had begun—
 The wretch 'll die “unhonored and unsung !”

1879.

At Cleveland, said the mean boor and scamp,
 In th' Senate, "I'll pass a law 'gin tramps."
 The mean boor through the county did tramp,
 To get good Irishmen to sign his bond.
 Some banks will break like the ocean surge ;
 The boor's offspring will yet tramp and drudge.
 A judgment will follow the boor soon ;
 His wealth 'ill shingle many a saloon.
 Now the booby the poor doth deride,
 Behold the swagger of the upstart's pride.
 In the Senate the boor cried, "peculation!"
 Did he forget his gold speculation?
 The brazen upstart, was he not pert,
 In the Senate to talk of experts?
 Of all the humbugs since creation
 Is a Le Sueur investigation.
 "Loose book-keeping" (——), ink, and botches,
 Le Sueur (——) books, scratches, scratches.
 In the court-house are some Doran hacks ;
 They are known in th' county as "the Franks."
 There is Frank the sly, and Frank the fop ;
 I'll not forget Frank, the mean yellow dog.
 M—— D——'s hacks are human chattel,
 Which he drives like "dumb, driven cattle."
 The boor on big interest was intent ;
 In th' Senate he voted for a big per cent.
 (——) fixing interest at ten per cent.—so—
 In the Senate he voted no, no, no !
 M—— D—— made a sad mistake
 When he aspired to dictator of th' State.
 Like the tortoise that want'd to fly,
 Flat on the ground he now must lie.

The eagle may soar toward heaven ;
 But on th' ground reptiles find their level.
 In Chicago it was D——'s intention
 To make a splurge in the convention ;
 At th' *Times*' reporter he'd spit and spat ;
 He bristled up like a big tom cat.
 Oh, what a horrid look—what a sight !
 D——'s big grin—but he could not bite !!

M—— D——'S EPITAPH.

M—— D—— lies beneath this clod of earth,
 A boor to honor and to truth unknown ;
 Under the dragon's tail was his mishap birth,
 And Be-el-ze-bub claimed him for his own.

THE BONDHOLDER'S LAMENTATION.

A SATIRE.

THE people were victors on election day—
The bondholders set up a lament or a wail ;
They called an election on the 12th day of June (1877),
But they did not find that the farmers were fools.
The bondholders and their understrappers
Did not find that the farmers were nappers.
The bondholders' press set up a wild bray—
“ You vot'd down th' bonds ”—of light you've not a ray.
To those who vot'd for th' bonds, it said “ all right,
You're moral men in the splendor of light ”—
To the farmers it said, “ you mean stupid serfs,
You're mean and ignorant for not taxing yourselves.”
A bondholder's paper—a friend of the ringers,
Said, “ vote for the bonds or you are vile sinners.”
If you don't dance to the bondholder's tune,
You're worse than infidels and the Commune.
Those who advocate th' payment of bogus bonds
Are helping to confiscate the farmer's lands.
'Tis 'gainst th' law of God and th' law of nature,
To take th' farmer's lands by confiscation.
It is a legal maxim, well understood,
“ That treason doesn't work corruption of the blood.”

Even for acts of treason and rebellious strife,
 You can only confiscate the farms for life.
 You who cry repudiation and divine law,
 Know that the farmers haven't committed treason at all.
 Those who call railroad bonds "an honest debt,"
 Delude others or they delude themselves.
 Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe took a stand
 Against giving railroads a bonus or land.
 Th' Constitutional fathers, in their time,
 Held such donations illegal and unwise.
 Th' bondholder's press is keeping up a wild bray,
 That hereafter the bogus bonds we must pay.
 Farmers, heed not this false siren's note,
 You'll not pay the bonds till for 'em you vote.
 If you heed th' bondholders and their brib'd hacks,
 You'll yet groan under a mountain of tax.
 If you don't vote for the bondholder's tax,
 They'll say you're benighted and live in the dark.
 Chamberlain will follow C—— D——'s plan,
 Th' legislature to make a haul or a grab.
 You now ask me how this can be done,
 By a bill to grab the State school fund.
 If you send th' bondholders to make the laws,
 They will grab the school bonds by trick or fraud.
 Heed you this wise adage oft time spoken,
 You lock th' stable door when th' horse is stolen.
 The bondholders will devise a scheme—
 Political hacks for a court of claims ;
 Th' bondholders know what that court will say,
 For Chamberlain has Greenbacks to pay.
 Farmers, beware of railroad bond ringers ;
 You know how you'll vote on next November.

TAXES.

A SATIRE.

In this age of civilization

The people are slaves to taxation ;

Th' politicians have made man a slave,

To toil and moil from th' cradle to th' grave.

The people are tax'd for clothes and food,

And for house, furniture, coal, and wood ;

They are tax'd for matches (———), e'en a pill,

What a heavy tax is the doctor's bill !

That tax the people pay with a will,

Is the tax on the worm of the still.

They are tax'd (———) from a nail to a rope,

And for tobacco that they puff in smoke.

They're tax'd for tools (———) implements of trade ;

They are tax'd for soap and the barber's blade.

The farmer is tax'd for th' team he drives,

He's tax'd for the road o'er which he rides,

He's tax'd for his mower, rake, and thresher,

And for his pump, cradle, and his washer,

He is tax'd for his mill and reaper,

And from a grind-stone to a seeder.

He's tax'd for the produce of his lands,
 And he is taxed for railroad bonds.
 He is taxed by the thieving rings,
 Despôts worse than many tyrant kings.
 He is taxed for his clock and gun,
 And for all he owns beneath the sun.
 He is taxed to make or mend the law ;
 He feeds soldiers both in peace and war.
 He is tax'd to feed those that rule,
 And for to feed the wicked and the poor.
 He is tax'd to feed the mute and blind,
 And the rogue and those who've no mind.
 To pay taxes he is sorely driven—
 He supports the school, church, and prison.
 He is taxed for the books that he reads,
 For all creation, but the air he breathes.
 The people boast of their colleges and schools,
 Yet, they are ruled by knaves and tools.
 We've a free press and civilization—
 We're (——) tax-ridden people since creation.
 Th' people'll pay big taxes and booty,
 While they vote for a knave or booby.
 Th' tax ridden people will take a stand,
 They'll tax railroads and the railroad land.
 It will free millions from starvation
 To tax moneyed corporations.
 Tax monopolists and moneyed kings,
 Bondholders, usurers, and the gold rings.
 It would take th' burden off th' people's backs,
 To lay on a heavy income tax.
 Indeed, the farmers will the day rue,
 That they kept in office th' knave and boor.
 What better than a thief and robber
 Is th' court-house rat and salary grabber ?
 The farmers vote for their old party hacks,

Who put a load of tax upon their backs.
The farmer is taxed for th' coffin in which he sleeps ;
He is taxed for shroud and winding sheets.
In the grave the farmer is taxed still,
For there is a heavy tax on his *will*.
In the grave he isn't free from taxation,
For his *will* is taxed for probation.
He's tax'd in this world and (——) future state ;
He's tax'd on the road to heaven's gate.
When will he be free from the tax bill ?
Just when good Saint Peter lets him in.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IRISHMEN celebrate this day in ev'ry land,
From th' bright polar star to th, southern cross ;
From Labrador to India's coral strand,
And from th' gigantic Andes to th' classic Alps.
Irishmen celebrate this day in ev'ry clime,
Though you came from th' Shannon, th' Suir, or th' Boyne.
Remember your country, though in foreign lands ;
Whether you came from th' Blackwater, Slaney, or Bann ;
Though you came from th' Nore, th' Barrow, or Dee ;
The Bride, th' Liffey, Deel, Moy, or the Lee—
From th' Kerry Reeks to th' mountains of Down,
Mount Nephin, Barthowra, Slievenamon th' renown'd,
Slieve Bloom, Arra, Keeper, and Mount Leinster ;
Mangerton, Commeragh, and Howth, near th' Liffey.
Remember your mission your country to free,
From the peaks of Slieve Guillion to th' stately Galtees.
Your tall mountaineers would all fight to-morrow,
From th' Giant's Causeway to th' hills of Duhallow ;
From th' shores of Lough Erne to th' plains of Kildare,
Th' Lakes of Killarney to th' banks of Lough Neagh ;
From th' shores of Lough Foyle, Lough Mask, or Lough
Garra ;
From th' hill of Howth to wild Connemara.

You're all Irish, from the Bann to the Shannon ;
 From Leinster, from Munster, from Ulster, Cannaught.
 Remember Clontarf, where Brian vanquished th' Danes !
 Forget not Tyrone and Owen, Roe, O'Neill !
 Remember old Erin and her men of renown,
 Sarsfield th' brave, who held Limerick town !
 Remember Limerick, Blackwater, and Benburb ;
 The halls of Dungannon and the Eighty-two Club.
 Remember the patriots, the true and the brave ;
 The heroes of Wexford in famed ninety-eight.
 Irish warriors have bled from Shannon to Rhine ;
 The plains of Landon and famed Fontenoy.
 The United Irishmen, their fate we deplore ;
 The immortal Emmet and valiant Wolf Tone.
 In every clime Irishmen have shown valor,
 From th' Hudson to Ganges, from Danube to Shannon.
 Irish Ciceroes England's misrule long withstood,
 Th' patriots O'Connell, Curran, Grattan, and Flood.
 Other patriots 'gainst wrongs their pens did wield,
 Meagher, Mitchel, McGee, Davis, and Shiel.
 Ireland can boast of her scholars and schools,
 In the days of the Christian and mystic Druids.
 Ireland can boast of her brave chivalry,
 Both Pagan and Christian of true hospitality.
 Her zealous missionaries, in ages long passed,
 Carried to foreign climes th' gospel and cross.
 Erin, dear Erin ! you're now in the shade,
 The land of the warrior, the bard, and th' saint.
 Be United Irishmen in heart and in name,
 Though your sires of yore came from 'yond th' Main.
 Join hands and hearts with th' valiant old Gael,
 You sons of the Norman, th' Saxon and Dane ;
 Your sires of yore caused Erin to weep,
 Ours be the mission dear Erin to free !!

THE FALL

OF THE

TURKISH AND BRITISH EMPIRES.

THIS is an often repeated adage,
“Scratch a Russian, I’ll show you a Tartar”—
Russian, Cossack, Tartar, are the same,
Czar Peter, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.
Many a bloody battle was carried on
Between the Tartars and the Ottoman.
Tartars and Turks will fight their battles o’er,
The Russians will take Constantinople ;
Whether Russ or Turk be victor—all the same,
If we get England into the flame.
Many a time some Irishmen have said,
England will keep from the battle’s blaze.
With all her wisdom, mean tricks and saws,
She cannot resist God’s own just Laws.
Ancient nations had their rise and fall ;
Oh, England ! the “ writing is on the wall.”
Divine prophets—wise, good, true and old,
Predict that to Palestine th’ Jews’ll be restored ;
Those who doubt not in divine holy writ,
Know that the Turkish empire will soon end.]

The Russians then will enter Samarcand,
And next they will enter Hindostan—
The nation's flags will be unfurled—
England's navy into ruin will be hurled.
The news will resound from pole to pole
That Britannia's empire is no more !
Oh, Erin's son, thou art not forgot,
Emmet's epitaph is writ at last !
Heed you this moral, all true Irishmen,
Believe in prophecy and Columbkille ;
Let the watch-word now and ever be,
That all nations must and shall be free !

THE SWEETEST HERE BELOW.

SWEET is Aurora's bright car ;
Sweet is the morning and ev'ning star ;
Sweet is th' heaven's azure blue ;
Sweet is the rainbow's vari'd hue ;
Sweet is th' moon's silvery light,
And million stars that shine by night.
Sweet is the comet's fiery train,
Th' Great Creator's power proclaims.
Sweet is th' sun's silvery sheen ;
Sweet is Flora's robe of green ;
Sweet is the light from God above,
Th' Mighty One, the Truth, the Love.

It's sweet to spend a sweet hour,
Midst blooming blossoms—vernal flowers ;
Oh, sweet is the breeze of morn,
The lark's carol, th' hunter's horn ;
And sweet is the summer breeze,
Midst peach, palm, and orange trees.
In Autumn, it is sweet to see
Luscious fruit and golden wheat ;
And winter has its delight,
With a pleasant and good wife.

It's sweet to stand on a rock—
 To see th' billows roll and dash.
 Sweet to sail on th' stormy main,
 To see th' fishes sport and play.
 It's sweet oft to be alone,
 O'er mountains and glens to roam ;
 O'er mountains wild and airy
 To climb th' rocks to th' eagle's erie ;
 Sweet to roam o'er glens enchant'd,
 By fauns, sprites, and fairies haunt'd.
 Sweet to roam over lonely glens,
 To sit by cool and silvery rills.

Sweet to roam o'er fields and woods ;
 Sweet are th' notes of singing birds ;
 Sweet is th' sunset's golden hue ;
 Sweet the sparkling drops of dew ;
 Sweet is all of God's creation,
 Give him praise and admiration !
 Sweet to converse with a friend,
 And in union thoughts to blend.
 What dear friend can be so kind
 As a sweet and loving wife !
 Th' sweetest, dearest here below,
 Is my belov'd ——— ——— ———.

Th' great secret of a happy wedd'd life,
 Is to give your confidence to your wife.
 Tell her your hope and aspiration,
 And she'll promote your expectation.
 Give her your confidence and caress,
 Like a babe upon its mother's breast.

———, ———, my dear, my love, before you sleep,
 Send to th' Good God a prayer for me ;
 And in the morning when you awake,
 Oh, pray for me—oh, do for God's sake.

Pray that God may crown me with success,
 And that my labors may be blessed ;
 That God may give you to me for a wife,
 To love and comfort me in this life ;
 And when we leave this world o' vexation,
 That God may crown us with salvation.
 ———, ———, my lovely dear, and sweet pet,
 In my prayers, I'll ne'er you forget ;
 Sweetest, purest, loveliest, precious dear,
 "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Do not, my love, heed what others tell you ;
 You'll find me loving, honorable and true.
 Oh, ———, ———, this doubt would soon depart,
 If you'd know the purity of my heart !
 Sweetest, dearest, loveliest, precious dove,
 Oh, have you ever felt the pangs of love ?
 ———, have you felt love's burning pain ?
 Then heed my plaintive and sorrowful tale.
 Will you, dear, excuse this poetic strain ?
 It relieves my heart of grief and pain !!
 Oh, ———, ———, ———, oh, for the time
 When I can call you my sainted wife !
 God bless you, dear, now and hereafter,
 And your sweet niece and lovely daughters.)
 Your true lover, now and forevermore,
 Yours, in love and friendship, ———, ———.

THE FALL OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

THE crescent banner long in triumph waved
O'er the Turkish pirate and the Christian slave :
Greece, the land of science, arms and arts,
Thy sons were sold as slaves in Turkish marts.
In Turkish slave marts often were seen
For sale, like cattle, the noble Greeks,
Whose sires, in the days of Grecian renown,
Ancient civilization handed down.
Moslem warriors, with sword in hand,
Spread desolation o'er sea and land.
Those fierce fanatics, fired with zeal,
O'erthrew Jerusalem—enslav'd the Greeks.
Yea, Christian captives from every land,
With the heathen were sold in Turkish marts.)
Turkish pirates roam'd o'er every main,
To furnish Turkey with Christian slaves.
Franks, Italians, Greeks, were sold by caitiffs
As slaves, to fierce and lusty califs.
The Turks' rallying cry in every battle,
"There is but one God—Mahomet is Prophet.
Slay thine enemies—take their goods and life—
Your reward is Heaven or Paradise."
Oh, Jerusalem, what a foul disgrace!

Omar, with "dirty sheep skins," sat in th' holy place.
 The Moslem barbarians, in their wild zeal,
 Gave libraries to the devouring flames.
 The semi-barbarians thought th' prophet wise
 For allowing the faithful plural wives.
 Th' Mussulman fanatics, with sword in hand,
 Spread Mahomet's religion o'er sea and land.
 Unbelievers had no other election
 But tribute, extermination, or conversion.
 The Moslem tyrants all Europe did alarm
 With their pirates, slave marts, and their harems.
 The Turkish warriors *the world* did alarm,
 Rome was saved by a tempestuous storm.
 The world trembled before the Moslem van ;
 At Leponta they were defeated by Don John.
 All nations yielded before their advance,
 Till defeated by the martial sons of France.
 Two million Christians met a bloody fate
 While wresting from the Moslem th' Savior's grave.
 For two hundred years of bloody strife
 Fought many a Christian chief and noble knight.
 They fought for Christ, religion, fame, and renown,
 Civilization, liberty, and the martyr's crown.
 Their degenerate sons, alas! for shame,
 Cry o'er the cross let the crescent wave!
 Oh, it's strange—it's wicked and absurd,
 To see so many Christians turn Turks!
 O, mammon, to fill commercial marts,
 Degenerate Christians wave th' crescent o'er the cross!
 Does it not move a Christian's heart to ire,
 When reading of Bulgarian villages on fire?
 Oh, how women and children shriek'd and groan'd,
 Before the Bashi Bazouks fire and sword!
 The Turkish crescent is on the wane ;
 The Ottoman empire is doomed by fate ;

The Turkish power will have a fall ;
The fatal writing is on the wall ;
The news will resound from pole to pole
That the Turkish empire is no more.
On Sophia's th' cross 'ill be unfurled,
Constantinople (——) mistress of the world !!

PRESIDENT HAYES.

A SATIRE.

GRANT'S conspiracy was a military display—
An intimidation to inaugurate Hayes—
Many Democrats who want'd a legal decision,
Joined Republicans for an Electoral Commission.
Many Democrats, as in days of yore,
Put faith in th' Judges of the Supreme Court—
The Republicans managed the wires ;
They got three of the Judges out of the five.
The three Judges though well versed in lore,
Cared little for law, honor, or oaths.
Miller, Strong, and Bradley—well learn'd in law—
Would'nt investigate perjury, forgery, fraud.
Bradley said there wasn't law 'gain fraud or deceit—
The logic of th' *Serpent* that tempted Eve.
The people no longer the Courts did admire,
And the Supreme Court then sunk in the mire !
When th' decision of th' Commissioners was known,
That th' majority behind th' returns wouldn't go,
Many Democrats did then rave and bluster—
They thought to keep out Hayes by filibuster.
Then Foster, a wily and sly old knave,
Promised th' "*Governors*" for votes for Hayes,

Matthews and Foster—Hayes' abettors—
 By such means made a fraudulent President.
 The old abolitionists were sorely startled
 By Hayes' inaugural and Southern policy.
 Th' fraudulent President to condone his sins,
 Put into his Cabinet some wornout Whigs.
 To cover up the theft of a political dastard,
 Hayes put into his Cabinet some so-called Democrats.
 They were professed Democrats—Democrats to win—
 With them he thought to resurrect the fossil Whigs.
 The fraudulent President—oh! Tylerism—
 Tried to break up his party for Whigism.
 To carry out the bargain, as hinted before,
 Hayes sent to Louisiana a Commission of "one-to-four."
 They had their instructions from Billy Evarts—
 "Buy up Packard"—"Don't investigate th' election."
 The Louisiana question was a hard nut to crack.
 Some one once exclaimed, "Write me down an ass"—
 No matter what poet from Chaucer to Tupper—
 Hayes recognized Nichols—Hayes th' usurper.
 It needs no logic, it is only too plain,
 If Packard wasn't elected, neither was Hayes—
 Time reveals secrets of time and States.
 It will yet prove a bargain and sale.
 Grant left a nut to crack for Rutherford Hayes,
 To manage th' "color line" in the duplicate States.
 This was an anomaly never seen before—
 Duplicate Governors, Legislatures, and Courts.
 Many Republicans became alarmed
 At Hayes' attempt to break up their party—
 The Whigs hoisted on their banner of party,
 The motto, "Currency," "Improvement," "Tariff."

Before election, Hayes cried "civil reform,"
 Rotten Treasury, Boutwell, Richardson, alarm.

To defraud Tilden was a very mean thing,
 His majority was a million white men.
 Key to the Democrats, said join th' Whig line.
 "You'll get a part of th' Federal spoils"—
 Th' President *de facto*, Rutherford Hayes,
 Made a Senator in the Buckeye State—
 His letter to Garfield was a whopper—
 To yield the field to Stanley Matthews.
 He said my influence will, I've no doubt,
 Make you the Speaker of the next House.
 Democrats have a majority true,
 But you'll see what my influence will do.
 Oh, what shameful corrupt bargain and sale—
 A political reward to th' agent of Hayes!
 Before election, the cry of Jim Blaine,
 Was, beware of Tilden and Southern claims—
 What a shock it was for President Hayes,
 His repudiation by the Buckeye State—
 On the Fourth of July, Independence Day.
 Hayes was denounced publicly by Jim Blaine,
 Who opened his oratorical battery,
 And denounced Hayes and his Mexican policy.
 Hayes promis'd reform in the civil service,
 While spending campaign funds in the election.
 But the campaign money was not from his bank,
 But the wages of postmasters and Federal clerks.
 Hayes' administration is a sad miscarriage,
 An illegitimate child legaliz'd by marriage!

1878.

The cry of the shylocks and the banks,
 Was give us specie—gold-bearing bonds—
 They would rob the cradle and the dead
 For gold-bearing bonds and "pound of flesh;"

But the face of the bonds would not do,
 With the flesh they would have the blood too.
 Hayes to please the bondholder's gold ring,
 In seventy-eight veto'd th' Silver Bill.
 He spoke of sacred contracts and law—
 Oh, thou hypocrite, thou fraud of frauds—
 Fraudulent President, what a fall,
 Anderson guilty of forgery, fraud.
 Judge Manning winked at rascality—
 Anderson was released by technicality—
 Th' Attorney Gen'ral mov'd for a new trial,
 But the Supreme Court would not stand fire.
 Hayes kept in office Returning Board hacks.
 In Louisiana, their deputies and clerks—
 To shut up the mouth of a tool (—) dastard.
 He made a British Consul of Packard,
 Who was well paid (—) his agent and tool,
 In the commercial city o' Liverpool.
 Thou fraudulent President what pain,
 It brought thy heart—th' investigation by Blair—
 To oust the President from station
 By th' Supreme Court investigation.
 Florida and Louisiana grief did bring
 By the disclosures of Weber and McLin,
 To drive fraudulent Hayes from his station
 Inspired Congressional investigation—
 Seventy-eight, on th' thirteenth day of May,
 In Congress th' Democrats met in array—
 Th' Republican tactics was time and bluster
 To prevent a quorum by filibuster—
 Hayes and his friends all over the nation
 Tried to prevent an investigation—
 Hayes didn't like Democratic attitude.
 He spoke with rage of Southern ingratitude.
 Hayes says there is n't a remedy in law,

To oust a President chosen by fraud.
 Hayes said Tilden might ask a *quo warranto*,
 But that the Supreme Court would say, "No, no."
 Hayes men rail'd at investigation—
 They say it 'll ruin business relation—
 If political frauds are n't defeated,
 Again, and again they 'll be repeated.
 The Hayes men are for force and fraud still,
 From the Treasury their pockets they fill.
 The politicians eat th' people's bread,
 They'd rob the grave, the living, and the dead.
 If we sanction usurpation and fraud—
 They will ov'rthrow th' Constitution and th' law.
 If we don't stand by the Constitution,
 We 'll have anarchy and revolution.
 Hayes wants a standing army, of course,
 To uphold usurpation by force.
 Hayes 'd prefer war and desolation,
 Rather than lose his usurp'd station.
 Hayes men feel the lash of Butler Ben—
 They fear they 'll lose the Treasury bin.
 Ben Butler leaves th' Republican raft,
 As rats leave a rotten ship or craft.
 For Butler knows of what he's thinking,
 For the Republican craft is sinking.
 Key's lettler to th' South is understood,
 As a threat of civil war and blood.
 Hayes fears Potter's investigation,
 A dead lock—"non-coöperation."
 He fears caucuses and like agreement,
 He fears removal by impeachment.
 Hayes' men fear the light of detection,
 For their overthrow of free election.
 Hayes men sneer and snarl at Pottery,
 They fear he will smash Hayes' crockery,

Then we will hear no more mockery.
 But fierce abuse of democracy,
 Sherman is mad, he 'll not get better,
 From th' attack of "Anderson letter"—
 Sherman, Matthews, Hayes (——) oh, what alarm!
 Anderson not sent to a climate warm—
 On a voyage, on a long, long trip,
 To Pluto's kingdom for a consulship.
 Th' fraudulent President could hide sin,
 By sending Anderson to Tientsin.
 Treasury Sherman, your wealth is great;
 You know how to manage the syndicate.
 Well you know how your pockets to fill,
 For you can draw water to your mill.
 Hayes, Sherman, Matthews, Harlan, did wilt
 When it was known their knowledge of guilt—
 Th' guilt o' corruption, forgery, and fraud—
 The violation o' oaths, honor, and law—
 Th' guilt of fraud, forgery, deception
 In the presidential election.
 To Hayes it brought dishonor, grief, woe,
 For not sending McLin to Mexico.
 A halter on his neck he would slip,
 Rather than he'd give him a Judgeship!
 Hayes' and Sherman's characters doth sink;
 They cannot be saved by Mrs. Jenks!
 Stanley Matthews, thou art a mere tool!
 Thou art a coward! thou art a fool!
 Why did you shrink from investigation,
 To keep a usurper in his station?
 Dio Lewis the workingmen would feed,
 While working hard, on "two cents' worth o' beef."
 Lewis and th' monopolists have cheek;
 They'd have men live on fifty cents a week.
 This is all nonsense, and mere claptrap,

From third-rate lecturers, fools, and quacks.
 Grant men want war and blood—civil strife—
 An army to shoot workingmen on the strike.
 Th' men who marched with Grant with knapsacks,
 When they ask for work, are called tramps.
 Grant wants an army, like other nations,
 Monarchy, blood, and usurpation.
 Jay Gould monopolists and th' gold ring)
 Are now asking for Grant as a king.
 Remember the fable of the frogs,
 Jupiter, Apollo, and King Log.
 God save the Republic from the shock,
 And from the destruction of King Stork.
 The soldiers' vote Gen'ral Grant will kill,
 Because he veto'd their bounty bill!
 Shylocks, bondholders, and corrupt rings
 Sent Grant to Europe to train as king.
 Grant apes the manners of th' kingly school ;
 He'd like to be a lord or a grand duke.
 His great ambition soars higher still—
 President, dictator, and then king!
 Politicians want to get Grant back,
 And trot him on the presidential track.
 The monopolist and th' whiskey ring
 Want Grant as dictator or a king.
 Th' cry of strong government (——), monarchy,
 Is raised by th' codfish aristocracy.
 Who are the purse-proud aristocracy?
 Those who get wealth by rascality.
 A thing for jeers, sneers, and mockery,
 Is American aristocracy!
 Monopolists, rings (——), shoddyocracy,
 Will make th' country a Plutocracy.
 If monopolists and th' whiskey ring
 Make Grant a dictator or a king,

He'll drive the country to revolution,
 Which 'll end in despotism and dissolution!
 The cry is raised of "tramp! tramp!"
 To make a president-king of Grant.
 God save the country from such a thing
 As Grant for president (——), tyrant, king!
 The monopolists and purse-proud snobs
 Call the poor workingmen commune tramps.
 The Shylocks—bondholders—will th' day rue
 That they drew the line between th' rich and poor.
 Where would be the rich man's store of pelf
 But for th' poor man's sweat (——), th' source of all
 wealth?

Snobs, monopolists, and their tools (——), knaves—
 Cannot make white Americans slaves.
 Let the shout resound from sea to sea,
 That the people must and shall be free!
 We'll not listen to such silly things,
 Th' right divine of bondholders and kings.
 Purse-proud snobs lisp the new-coined slang,
 And brand good poor men as commune tramps.
 The workingmen without fear or dread
 Must and shall have their rights—work or bread!
 The people read (——), rich man, understand,
 You can't enslave the people by "tramp! tramp!"
 Th' rich man cries (——), "I care not, right or wrong;
 'We must have a government that's strong."
 Oh, remember Freedom leads the van;
 Tyranny yields to th' "divine right of man!"
 If Wealth should try Liberty to inthrall,
 Wealth, not Liberty, must in the conflict fall.
 Th' bankers' wealth is in bonds and notes of hand;
 In revolutions it would slip like sand.
 It's th' experience of man in ev'ry age and clime,
 That the source of wealth is from land, sea, and mine.

Hark ye! hark ye! ye Shylocks and sharks :
 The people's march—tramp, tramp, tramp !
 Behold the people marching up in force,
 Where all have equal rights, to the polls.
 At the polls th' people will take their stand,
 And in their might vote down the bogus banks.
 We'll have, as in Jackson's time of yore,
 A nation's currency—treasury notes.
 The Shylocks who in bonds put their trust,
 Th' revolution will their bubble burst.
 The workingmen 'll seek retribution
 In the forthcoming revolution.
 O Shylock! Shylock! the time is ripe
 For the people to assert their rights.
 Fear you (——) th' terrific and awful strife,
 Th' people's struggle for bread and life.
 Hark ye, hark ye, Shylocks! hark with dread !
 The people's grand march for work and bread !
 Oh, you who would save this nation's life,
 Don't drive workingmen into a strike!
 Remember, remember, foolish snobs,
 That your own dear offspring may yet tramp !
 Remember, mothers, your darling child—
 Can you tell where he will end his life ?
 You who oppress workingmen (——) quite sore,
 Remember that Christ was of the poor.
 That person does deserve a halter
 Who'd feed men only on bread and water.
 Workingmen, heed not th' money-kings' tune
 Of tramp, tramp, tramp—commune, commune!
 Th' cry of "commune, tramp, tramp, tramp!"
 Is raised by the bondholding clan.
 The cry of workingmen for work and food,
 Will not be hushed by "commune! commune!"

1879.

New England fishermen, in days o' yore,
Fished in the sea, and along th' shore.
Those poor fishermen were brave and free ;
They fought tyrants both by land and sea ;
They fought for freedom and human rights ;
They nobly bled under th' stars and stripes.
England came with a piratic band,
She claim'd dominion by sea and land.
She said, Samuel, this is my wish,
That you pay millions for my fish.
Samuel, another word with thee,
I'll sell my fish in thy markets free.
Evarts, you put your fish to your nose,
And I'll walk off with this bag of gold.
The people yet will let England see,
That the ocean must and shall be free ;
Free from pole to pole, from clime to clime,
Then fishermen can cast net and line.
In their utter despair, Hayes men sought,
To shield fraud with telegrams in naught ;
Officeholders and "penny-a-liners,"
Would shield Hayes by telegrams in cipher.
Before th' Potter investigation,
Gov. Tilden made this revelation—
He swore on his honor and solemn oath,
That in the South he never bought a vote.
That in Louisiana votes were for sale,
That he ne'er bid or bargained for th' same.
Republicans must now stop their scoffing,
Telegrams in cipher are naught—nothing.
And although Hayes holds his usurped place,
Tilden was elect'd President—all th' same.
A greater curse than war, famine, plague,

Is the treaty made by Burlingame.
 By that treaty the Mongolian race,
 Like clouds of locusts, our free shores invade.
 The Chinese heathens believe not in God,
 They adore wood and stone (——) the idol.
 If we don't stop Chinese immigration,
 With leprosy they 'll infect the nation!!
 The workingmen will find out too late,
 That Chinamen have made them mere slaves.
 The workingmen must have meat and bread,
 And their wives and children must be fed.
 John Chinaman lives (——) on a groat (Grwat),
 Carrion, vermin, rice, mice, cat, and rat.
 We must stop Mongolian immigration,
 Or it 'll blast Caucasian civilization!!
 No more heathens from Empire Ta Tsing,
 Was the text of th' anti-Chinese bill.
 Import no more than fifteen at a time—
 The penalty one hundred dollars fine.
 Monopolists swore that they 'd be Hayes' foe,
 Unless the Chinese bill he would veto.
 The President, the offspring of fraud,
 On the veto for awhile did halt.
 This was sham, a political trick,
 For with the rich did n't he always stick.
 Hayes would make all white men human chattel,
 Rather than merchants 'd lose Chinese cattle.
 The fraud spoke of treaty denunciation,
 Who trampled on sacred obligation!
 He said all right, th' denunciation
 Of the treaty with "La Great Nation."
 The French fought England by land and sea,
 To make America great and free.
 What base ingratitude for French valor—
 Preference for heathens and their dollar.

The great fraud gave Congress a snubbing ;
 Those who install'd 'im deserv'd a drubbing.
 Hayes would deprive freemen of their birthright,
 He's a Federalist of the bluest light.
 Treaties are n't binding in time of danger,
 From pestilence, war (——) or the invader.
 Th' invasion of Mongolians and Tartars,
 Eclipse (——) Huns, Goths, and Vandals.
 A nation's life and self-preservation,
 Is a higher law than obligation!!
 Working men, remember Hayes with a will,
 And his veto of th' anti-Chinese bill!
 Beecher's preaching is all gammon ;
 For his great idol is mammon.
 Indeed, his motives are all for self,
 Pleasure, mammon, the world and the flesh.
 Beecher's object is, the rich to please,
 He's the champion of leprous Chinese.
 He'd import a Chinese human flood ;
 He would make white men hewers of wood.
 He wants hordes of leprous yellow races,
 To bring white men to starvation wages.
 Bondholders, bankers, usurious knaves,
 With specie payment th' people now enslave.
 The shylocks cry rag-baby and rags—
 From th' revenue they fill their money bags.
 The people 'll rally from shore to shore,
 Against th' banks as Jackson did of yore.
 Bondholders, on their way to heaven,
 Are Christians one day out of seven.
 But on the other six days mammon's crew
 Are extortionists, sharpers, shavers—Jew.
 This once glorious and great nation,
 Is now enslaved by taxation.
 Th' people 're tax'd from an anchor to a nail,

And from a match e'en to the ships that sail.
 When a party is long in power,
 It becomes corrupt, rotten, and foul.
 The people will, for they are able,
 Clean out the political stable.
 And all corrupt, rotten, and foul filth,
 With its corrupt party send adrift.
 Long the people will be great and free,
 If they only vote 'gainst the "term three."
 This country will fall like other nations,
 If parties are kept too long in stations.
 Long the people will avert their doom,
 If they read the fall of Greece and Rome—
 Bribes, ambition, luxury, and wealth,
 In Greece and Rome o'erthrew th' commonwealth.
 Its the destiny, the fate of all,
 Empires and Republics (——) rise and fall.
 Greece and Italy were great and grand,
 One a speck, and t'other a strip of land.
 These famed countries, once were great and free,
 They held dominion by land and sea.
 Their men were wise—their warriors great,
 They vanquished realms and many a State.
 Glory—martial flame, their soldier hearts did fire,
 They thought it sweet for their country to expire.
 But sad the change, and sad, indeed, the theme,
 They became slaves, who once were brave and free.
 Love of country disappeared by stealth,
 Thro' bribes, poverty, luxury, and wealth.
 The rich men influenced the masses,
 They drew a line between the classes.
 Th' invaders came—th' common scourge of all,
 Ah, both rich and poor they did inthrall.
 Americans, what e'er be your stations,
 Remember the fate of other nations.

Columbia once was brave and free,
 Now th' country's corrupt from sea to sea!
 At elections men are bought and sold,
 With office, greenbacks, silver, and gold.
 Who sells his vote is a human chattel,
 The rich buy him as they do their cattle!
 The franchise is more precious than fine gold,
 Too precious either to be bought or sold.
 Let the people now a law devise,
 Buyer and seller to disfranchise!
 Now we must stop corruption's rapid tide,
 Or th' country 'll be rotten ere it 'll be ripe.
 Political rings don't think it funny,
 That satirists have more gall than honey.
 Politicians dread my predictions,
 As they fear my maledictions.
 Vile politicians now feel my satire,
 Dunces won't sneer at it, and think for awhile.
 Corrupt politicians dread my ire,
 Justice, humor, truth, wit, sarcasm, satire.
 Grant loves the chime of the Chinese gong,
 And he wants heathen hordes from Hong Kong.
 Grant speaks with wrath of demagogism,
 He wants to establish Caesarism.
 What a curse awaits Caucasian breed,
 If it be mixed with inferior seed.
 Ah, the curse—the fall—what degradation,
 Awaits the crime of amalgamation.
 Ah, behold with horror and with dread,
 That feeble offspring of th' white and red.
 Does it improve the noble Caucasian stock,
 The tawny offspring of the white and black?
 Oh, degraded offspring of the white man,
 Mixture of black, red, yellow, brown, and tan.
 Horrid goblin—monster—what e'er you be ;

Hideous creature, how long will you be free?

Woe, woe,—abomination!

—— Grant and Chinese immigration!!

Grant was foolish—he was not witty—

He ask'd a reception from Cork city—

Drinking with lords, dukes, and princes, what not,

He became stupid—he became a sot.

From eating and drinking—whisky—beer,

He forgot the Centennial year,

When Ireland sent o'er a delegation,

With an address from the Irish nation.

Grant was President—in high station ;

He said there was no “ Irish nation ! ! ”

Grant may now pick his teeth with a fork,

He 'll n't get a blarney-dinner from Cork.

Arise, thou prophet, bard, saint, and sage,

Denounce the sins of this venal age.

And you, who in the pulpit (——) stand,

Denounce the corruption of the land !

And denounce the rulers of the nation,

For bribery—stealing—peculation !

And denounce th' “ pharisaical ” faces,

Of all who steal in high and low places.

And denounce all mean, corrupt ringers,

As vile, pollut'd, and wicked sinners.

Denounce as hideous, vile, and loath,

The wretch who buys or sells a vote !

May God touch your lips with holy fire,

And may he fill your hearts with his ire.

May he give you strength to take a stand,

For to scourge corruption from the land !

Why sit'st thou there with limbs of sloth,

Wrapt in sable or ermine robes.

Oh, thou wert once a man beheld with awe,

An expounder—an oracle of law—

For to shield the weak against the strong,
 To maintain the right, to punish wrong,
 And a shield against intrusion—

—— expounder of th' Constitution.

You've made th' Constitution a thing of wax,
 To rob the people with a "bonus" tax.

For the Supreme Courts of the nation
 Have enslav'd th' people with taxation.

So away with humbug and clap-trap,

Now I'll let you know what I am at—

That the Supreme Courts of the nation

Have aided railroad corporations,

Even by (——) one majority,

To confiscate private property.

Constitutional law is lax—

Th' courts put on a railroad "bonus" tax.

By the courts, let it be understood—

—— to rob th' people is n't for th' public good.

To pile the wealth of the whole nation

In the hands of railroad corporations,

To the people it matters not a straw—

Their money is gone by tricksters or th' law.

Bards and wits, in ages long, long past,

On the stage, crimes and tyrants did lash ;

They feared not th' despot's frown and ire,

They lashed his crimes with keen satire.

Against corruption they spoke and writ,

Kings quail'd before their humorous wit.

Th' crimes and follies of a venal age,

Were the jest and laughter of the stage.

The crimes of kings were shown in tragedy,

The crimes of knaves were shown in comedy.

Tragedian, comedian (——) the buffoon,

Genius, sarcasm, satire, and lampoon,

Wit and humor—such (——) as these,

Knaves and monarchs alike did tease.
 All you, who write or who act on the stage,
 Denounce th' crimes and corruption of the age!!
 Denounce political dishonesty,
 Federal, State, and municipality!!

The true genius, the despot's hand won't kiss,
 Nor cares he whether mobs or reptiles hiss.
 He cares not whether fools or despots blame,
 His great object is, an immortal name!
 Italia's bard on his foes pour'd ire,
 Like Vesuvius' volcanic fire.
 Against his foes satire was hurled—
 His poems are th' wonder of the world.
 Satirists, in ev'ry age and nation,
 From oppression have drawn inspiration.
 Poets are inspir'd by the powers above,
 Their great inspiration is from hate and love.
 Th' lays of other bards our hearts do move,
 With their strains of unrequited love.
 The bards Camoens, Petrarch, and Tasso,
 Their fate was disappointment, grief, and woe.
 Oft genius is sorely distressed,
 While fools and knaves with wealth are possessed.
 Poets oft have felt penury's fierce dart,
 For they would not practice the courtly art;
 The art to flatter and to fawn
 On royalty's mean reptile spawn.
 Satirist often write to punish wrong,
 Love often inspires a verse or a song.
 To save his life from a briny grave,
 Camoens swam on the ocean's wave.
 He saved his poem—what joy—pleasure,
 Though the wreck went down with his treasure.
 The great poet, with one hand buffeted th' waves,

And with th' other his great poem did save.
 In this world of disappointment and strife,
 An author loves his own book more than life ;
 Racked with care, an author's heart we find,
 For the fate of the child of his mind.
 His heart trembles between hope and despair,
 "None but an author knows an author's care."
 His thoughts have life—they are a living soul ;
 Unborn millions oft they do control.
 His anxious care is from last to first,
 That his thoughts should not perish with his dust.
 Whether he be rich or poor, lame or blind,
 His great thoughts will live with men of mind.
 An author's spirit oft roams o'er and o'er
 Empires, kingdoms, islands, seas, and shore.
 An author's spirit often wings its flight
 To God's throne, and 'yond the limit of light.
 His spirit roams through space until at last
 Other universes are reached and passed.
 Onward, onward, his thoughts are so fleet
 That they reach th' secrets of th' utmost deep.
 His thoughts will move onward until yet
 This universe will appear a speck !
 Science great secrets will yet disclose,
 Th' telescope 'll multiply a billion fold.
 How grand the heavens—oh, how sublime,
 Its million suns in great splendor shine—
 Th' milky way paved with suns so bright—
 Suns of splendor and varied light.
 And through optic glasses will yet be seen,
 Suns red, purple, orange, yellow, and green.
 And their beauties will be unfurled,
 With comets, planets, and many worlds.
 Th' moon 'll be a near neighbor—nearer still
 Than a church on a neighboring hill.

And if in the moon are living people,
 They 'll appear like men on a steeple.
 Th' bard—historian, though often sad,
 — disappointment will not make him mad.
 From nature he draws an inspiration ;
 From the world's follies a detestation.
 He beholds nature's treasures—how grand
 The starry heavens—sea and land.
 He cares not for monarchs, princes, or powers,
 He sees more splendor in a thousand flowers.
 Though poor in purse, he enjoys pleasure
 From God's inexhaustable treasure.
 He sees great men into exile driven ;
 He sees scepters, crowns, and empires riven.
 — th' fleeting pleasures of this sublunar vale.
 For all, all perish—are they not all frail ?
 The world's pomp and wealth are all vanity,
 — th' miser's passion is all insanity.
 The miser's grasp for gold ceases never,
 As if he'd live ever and forever.
 For to gain wealth, millions become knaves,
 And millions more self-imposed slaves.
 Ah, for the world's perishable treasure,
 They lose health, God's love, and nature's pleasure.
 What sleepless nights—what feverish care,
 To amass wealth for a spendthrift heir.
 And the wealth one generation doth gather,
 A second and third dissipate and scatter !
 In toil and moil many a life is spent
 To obtain wealth which brings but discontent.
 Many a heart is sorely oppressed,
 Tho' diamonds glitter on th' noxious breast.
 They sigh for love and happiness in vain,
 They worship their idol—power and gain.
 Happy th' hermit in other days and climes,

Who renounced the world—its pomp and pride.
 Thrice more happy the savage and barbarian,
 Than labor oppress'd by civilization!
 The greatest curses of civilization,
 Are credit, interest, and taxation!
 Sad comfort—to rot in rose-wood coffin—
 You who robb'd the widow and the orphan.
 The widow's curse and the orphan's tears
 Will haunt your poor soul in after years.
 Oh, the moans, the groans, the shriek, and yell,
 When the damned soul first enters hell!
 Th' bard—historian, in his heart is sad,
 He sees that millions, in this world are mad.
 Dunces may say he is proud, vain—
 — They know not what makes his heart so glad.
 Old nature affords him joy and pleasure,
 Even chaos yields him hidden treasure.
 He beholds secrets, as with eyes of light,
 In the womb of nature, chaos, and old night.
 He communes with worlds and beings so bright,
 That they dim the sun, moon, and stars of light.
 The psalmist pour'd his thoughts sublime
 Midst flocks and fields, and o'er Palestine.
 Th' bard with satire pierces the vile defamer,
 Th' quack; th' bigot, and political schemer.
 The winter of life is sad and dreary,
 With a poet it's all summer—dreamy.
 By the world's care his heart oft is stung,
 Yet his hopes do bloom, his heart is young.
 His thoughts are noble, sublime, and grand,
 He makes his home in a fairy land.
 He sees disappear many nationality,
 Republics, empires, and many a dynasty.
 Great cities—many a commercial mart,
 With mammon's votaries—are now forgot.

Fearless the eagle sweeps o'er Alpine crags,
 And the condor o'er Chimborazo's rocks,
 And on their flights midst perpetual snow,
 Behold kings and slaves on the plains below.
 So an author looks down from on high,
 And for Adam's offspring breaks a sigh.
 From his lofty plain he is a judge,
 O'er potentates, powers, and the drudge.
 He beholds millions to slavery doomed ;
 And countless tyrants in dust entombed ;
 And human mortals, the world's disgrace,
 Without a tomb—now a nameless race—
 And gorgeous temples, palaces, and shrines,
 He sees crumble by the tooth of time ;
 And systems, the world's fear and wonder,
 Like great thunder-clouds rent asunder ;
 And systems that have made man a slave,
 In time 'll perish save only the name.
 Hope often to an author's heart doth send,
 Th' thought that he has a thousand thousand friends,
 That's balm to his heart, in his wearied strife—
 Conflict—and on the journey of life !
 Oh, forward, forward is the march of the mind,
 It 'll leave ignorance and bigotry behind.
 Tremble, you despots and bigots again,
 Dread you the weapon—the press and the pen.
 Fear not the truth whoever you may be,
 For the truth will make you ever free.
 Why do so many tremble and quail,
 If they believe that truth will prevail ?
 Why do they fear truth's investigation ;
 For truth will not bar their salvation ?
 Why this great alarm and this affright ;
 Fear not knowledge and truth's holy light ?
 That system that would truth inthrall,

Let that system in the conflict fall.
 Realms will perish—perish mammon's gain,
 Ever and ever truth will prevail.
 Systems that man worship and cherish,
 If false to truth in time shall perish.
 Millions are lost by war and starvation,
 By a false modern civilization.
 This boasted civilization is a fraud,
 A violation of God's and nature's laws.
 To fight for tyrants, millions are doomed—
 In gloomy mines millions are entombed.
 Millions work for scant food and to pay rent,
 That th' rich may have millions—their lives are spent.
 The workingmen, with a brow of care,
 Make the wealth which they can never share.
 Civilization millions has driven,
 To toil in factories—to pine in prison.
 Civilization is best—best understood,
 When it makes men happy—its for the public good.
 That a few rich men do millions plunder,
 Is n't th' greatest good to the greatest number.
 Great cities are political sores,
 The scenes of vice, ignorance, and woe.
 You, who try to convert foreign peoples,
 See vice under th' shadow of your steeples.
 Behold th' shouts of a clamorous throng,
 For a party either right or wrong.
 Men oft are politically insane,
 They lose principle, but cling to a name!
 The President assumes dignity,
 To hide partisan malignity.
 The bill for free elections, so, so,
 Fraudulent Hayes did quash with his veto.
 High, indeed, is the President's station,
 When he vetoes the voice of the nation.

We have fallen on an evil hour,
 If we surrender to th' *one man power*.
 Hayes wants th' army, fraud, and deception,
 To control th' coming election!
 American parents will come to grief,
 From the opium eating heathen Chinese.
 Alas! alas! your grief will begin,
 Your sons 'll enter th' smoking Chinese den.
 Your wealth 'll give you little satisfaction,
 Your sons eat opium (——) stupefaction.
 Great will be the nation's degradation!
 —— opium eaters—abomination!
 Th' Republic will have a downward course,
 When elections are controlled by force.
 Roman liberty met its doom—fall,
 When rulers employ'd th' Prætorian Guard.
 Alas! alas! for liberty's sad fate,
 If the presidents should control the State.
 The Federalists' malignity,
 Wants to destroy the State's sovereignty.

GRANT'S MARCH.

AIR—"Billy O'Rourke."

I.

In sixty-eight, 'remind the date,
Republicans did falter ;
They want'd a chief to save retreat,
Defeat and a great slaughter.
They look'd about in fear and doubt,
For a man to bear their banner ;
They found out, a tool and clout,
In the Galena Tanner.
Hurrah ! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
The lad is out of station,
Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
And God will save the nation.

II.

President Grant was so sly,
When he got into station ;
On th'-Treasury he cast an eye,
To feed his poor relations.
At the public crib he did feed,
With politicians and others ;
Bondholders and banking thieves,
His father, sons and brothers.

Hurrah! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

III.

In the South he made a rout,
 With soldiers and bayonets ;
 Liberty he would stamp out,
 And th' nation he'd enslave it.
 Presents, too, he got a few,
 From many thieving ringers ;
 From bankers and shylock Jews,
 And " politician " sinners.
 Hurrah! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

IV.

Grant's record is very bad,
 It will not bear inspection ;
 He was th' dupe of a roguish gang,
 To o'erthrow free election.
 The President was a Hayes man,
 The tool of frauds and deceivers ;
 With fraud, he ousted Tilden Sam,
 And put in Hayes the schemer.
 Hurrah! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

V.

Gen. Grant had a time so sweet,
 With Cockney lasses ;
 He eat bread and cheese and roast beef,
 And quaff'd many brimming glasses.
 He went o'er to the Irish shore,
 And from Dublin to Killarney,
 With punch galore MaGra Ma Astore,
 But Cork gave him no blarney.
 Hurrah ! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

VI.

On the Rhine he drank good wine,
 In Berlin he eat sausage ;
 He had a ride in many a clime,
 And Samuel paid his passage.
 Of greenbacks, too, he spent a few,
 In many a clime and station ;
 The money of the bankers—Jews,
 And the plunder of the nation.
 Hurrah ! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

VII.

Grant cross'd the sea ; he drank tea
 With the heathen Chinese races ;
 While on a spree, with great glee,
 He kissed their yellow faces.

Powers above, he fell in love,
 With the pigtail Chinese lasses ;
 He was like a sucking dove,
 While tippling with their glasses.
 Hurrah ! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

VIII.

The kingly school and banking Jews
 Want Grant to rule the nation ;
 Bondholders and the thieving crew
 Shall ne'er put him in station.
 What will he do, he's in a stew,
 The people all they hate him ;
 He's in despair I do declare,
 His mind is getting crazy.
 Hurrah ! my boys, we'll all rejoice,
 The lad is out of station ;
 Without a joke, he'll cut his throat,
 And God will save the nation.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

AIR—" *Groves of Blarney.*"

I.

Ye sons of freedom and working people,
 Pray give heed to my sad, dismal tale ;
 It is alarming, how th' poor are starving,
 In this glorious land so fair and great.

The poor are starving, for wages are falling,
 And th' poor white man will meet a sad doom ;
 In every place are Chinese crawling,
 They'll have white men's places, alas ! quite soon !

II

The Chinese croakers and opium smokers,
 Like Egypt's plagues now infect the land ;
 The mixed races, with yellow faces,
 The white man's labor cannot withstand.
 Our gold they are hoarding to send over,
 With their dried bones to the China Sea,
 While their dirty pigtails they leave forlorn,
 To breed a plague in this land once free.

III.

The heathen creatures, with loose breeches,
 Back to old China must all set sail ;
 For th' country is teaming with the leeches,
 And their dirty blouses and pigtails.
 The Chinese heathens now are sleeping,
 Like rats and badgers, in dens and sheds ;
 The cunning people are on low feeding,
 On rice and mice, for they eat no bread.

IV.

In our laundries they are sauntering,
 In the kitchens, and in every place ;
 The white people, they are alarming,
 With their pig eyes and leprous face.
 Chinese heathens, from the flowery nation,
 Their immigration will have no stint,
 Soon they'll have every white man's station,
 Then the white laborers may sigh and lament.

V.

A curse is awaiting this great nation,
 From th' mixed races, of inferior breed—
 The abomination of amalgamation,
 With Chinese pagans, will yet proceed !
 The Caucasian races will be tainted
 With inferior blood, yellow, brown and tan ;
 Oh, the white faces will be painted
 With a leperous taint, from the Chinese land !

VI.

The lowest creatures and false teachers,
 The wily screechers of mammon men ;
 Those false preachers, with their false speeches,
 Will make this country a Chinese den !
 The Chinese pagans, in adoration,
 Kneel, in prostration, to stone and wood ;
 They will blast white civilization,
 They will pour forth like a vandal flood !

VII.

Heed not the prattle of the sons of Mammon,
 For with their gammon, they'd you enslave ;
 The thunder and rattle of sword and cannon,
 The poor white man must emancipate !
 Heed not the Beechers, and like preachers,
 For they are screechers to be let alone ;
 Follow Dennis Kearney from Killarney,
 Or from sweet Blarney Ma Gra Ma Store.

JIMMY BLAINE.

 AIR—"Mary Blain."

I.

Once there lived a saucy lad,
 Along the coast of Maine ;
 Who fish'd with line and fishing rod,
 And his name was Jimmy Blaine.
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 You'll ne'er'll be President
 I heard the people say.

II.

For ambition was his creed,
 And to rule the Pine Tree State :
 To get great wealth was his greed,
 When Speaker he was made.
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 You ne'er'll be President
 I heard the people say.

III.

Seventy-Six he took a fit,
 From which he'll not get better ;
 Then he got into a sad fit
 By the Mulligan letters.
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 You'll ne'er'll be President
 I heard the people say.

IV.

Blaine will be swept from power
 By the coming greenback wave ;
 It will be a happy hour
 When he'll meet with his defeat.
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 You'll ne'er'll be President
 I heard the people say.

V.

In Congress he proudly struts,
 For to gain power and fame ;
 There he flaunts the bloody shirt,
 For it is his only game.
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 Oh, poor Jimmy Blaine,
 You'll ne'er'll be President
 I heard the people say.

SHERMAN JOHNNY.

I.

In the Buckeye State
 Lives a man so jolly ;
 He is known to fame
 As old Sherman Johnny.
 To ra lora lo, to ra lora li do.

II.

Old Sherman's wealth is very great,
 It is known to the ringers ;
 He managed the Syndicate
 For bankers, Jews and sinners.
 To ra lora lo, etc.

III.

He worked early and late,
 To bring water to his miller ;
 The bankers he did inflate,
 By hoarding up the silver.
 To ra lora lo, etc.

IV.

Specie he did not pay,
 People say he's brassy,
 He must get out o' the way
 This old Sherman Johnny.
 To ra lora lo, etc.

V.

Oh, Sherman's character sinks,
 Oh, is it not a pity,
 For he danced with Mrs. Jenks
 In New Orleans city.
 To ra lora lo, etc.

VI.

Old Sherman now doth rave,
 The bankers think him funny ;
 For with their notes they shave,
 He burnt the greenback money.
 To ra lora lo, etc.

THE WORKINGMEN'S COMPLAINT.

I.

Workingmen once had good rations
 They'd plenty of mutton and beef ;
 Now they're on starvation wages,
 On bread and molasses and leeks.
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity ;
 Wages 're down in country, town and city ;
 These are shocking hard times.

II.

The rich in Broadway do strut,
 They drink champagne by glasses ;
 The poor drink water, in a hut,
 And dine on mush and molasses.
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity,
 Wages 're down, in country, town and city ;
 These are shocking hard times.

III.

Times were when a workingman's pay
 Was two dollars a day or more ;
 He then could be merry and gay,
 He'd eating and drinking galore.
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity,
 Wages 're down in country, town and city ;
 These are shocking hard times.

IV.

Oh, the country will be curst,
 By Chinese immigration!
 Then white men will bite the dust
 All over this great nation.
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity,
 Wages 're down in country, town and city;
 These are shocking hard times.

V.

Chinese immigration must end,
 Or there'll be a war of races!
 White men their rights must defend,
 Chinamen must not take their places!
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity,
 Wages 're down in country, town and city;
 These are shocking hard times.

VI.

The railroads are combined
 To rob the Western farmers;
 The rich are all of a mind
 To feed men on bread and water!
 These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity,
 Wages 're down, in country, town and city;
 These are shocking hard times.

VII.

The farmers work early and late,
 They're robbed by wheat-buying ringers,
 They're taxed by county and State,
 And fleec'd by bankers and millers.

These are shocking hard times,
 For the rich for the poor have no pity ;
 Wages 're down, in country, town and city ;
 These are shocking hard times.

DORAN'S ASS.

I.

As I was going to the Market Cross
 In the highway I met Doran's Ass,
 With a heavy budget on his back,
 The stupid donkey lay in his tracks.
 His cruel master ripped and swore,
 He hammered his ass to make him go.
 If I had a donkey that would'nt go,
 Do you think I would hammer him?
 No, no, no.

II.

Poor little Franky is Doran's Ass,
 On a summer's day he scamper'd off ;
 This donkey ran off in the highway ;
 He prick'd his ears and set up a bray ;
 His cruel master ripped and swore,
 He hammer'd his ass to make him go.
 If I had a donkey that would'nt go,
 Do you think I would hammer him?
 No, no, no.

III.

On convention and election days,
 Franky, the ass, for Doran doth bray ;
 He is a fool—Doran's servile hack,
 He carries his budget on his back.

His cruel master ripped and swore,
 He hammered his ass to make him go.
 If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
 Do you think I would hammer him?
 No, no, no.

IV.

This stupid donkey is old and gray,
 Long he was fed on the people's hay,
 Th' people no longer this donkey will feed ;
 He may now go to grass up Salt Creek.
 His cruel master ripped and swore,
 He hammer'd his ass to make him go.
 If I had a donkey that would'nt go,
 Do you think I would hammer him?
 No, no, no.

AN EPITAPH ON DORAN'S ASS.

In th' court-house or in the highway,
 Doran's old ass no more will bray ;
 Remember, good people, as you pass,
 That here lie the bones of Doran's Ass.

 GOD MADE THE LAND FREE.

I.

Landlords and agents now may lament,
 The people of Ireland'll pay them no rent ;
 The people'll rally from mountain to sea,
 Their houses and lands for to make free.
 Ballinamona ora, Balinamona ora,
 Ballinamona ora, God made the land free.

II.

Ye people of Ireland, now take a stand,
 And pay no more rent, for God owns the land ;
 The purse-proud lords may lament and bemoan,
 But pay them no rent, for th' land is your own !
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

III.

The lordly tyrants must soon have a fall,
 The people no longer shall they inthrall ;
 United and firm, on one thing agree,
 From landlord oppression you must be free.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

IV.

God has ordained that all men who toil,
 Shall ever possess the fruits of the soil ;
 This is a law that God did proclaim,
 That th' land is as free as th' light and th' air.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

V.

Princes and lords, with fraud and with might,
 Long have usurped man's holy right ,
 Despots and knaves, with th' sword and th, pen,
 Have enslav'd the people again and again.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

VI.

Inscribe on your flag, in letters o' green,
 That all men are born equal and free ;
 From mountain and plain, march to the strife,
 Fight, now and ever, for land and life.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

VII.

Oh! sing the bold anthem, from shore to shore,
 That God owns the land—that God we adore ;
 From landlord oppression, th' peöple'll be free,
 They've paid for the land, they own it in fee.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

EPIGRAM.

THE EQUALITY OF MAN.

Fear not the scorn of wealth and pride,
 Or of those in lofty station ;
 All men were born with equal right,
 Inheritors of creation.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

I.

Hard it is to part forever,
 With the friends that we love so well ;
 And from hearts so dear to sever,
 Among strangers for e'er to dwell.
 With what pangs the heart is bleeding,
 Neither pen nor tongue can tell ;
 We can ne'er forget that meeting,
 When we bid adieu—the last farewell.

II.

In this world of sin and sorrow,
 Let us submit to our fate ;
 Pride and grief the heart doth harrow,
 When our love is paid with hate.
 With silent grief the heart is breaking,
 Sad, broken hearts alone can tell,
 When we fear that this sad greeting
 Will bring adieu—the last farewell.

III.

Who can tell the soul's anguish,
 When our love meets with distain,
 Love from the heart we can't banish,
 Tho' the heart's sunk in despair.
 The dread that from our love we'll sever,
 Binds us with a tongue-bound spell ;
 Oh, that we must part forever,
 We can't say adieu—th' last farewell.

IV.

There's hope in heaven above us,
 Where all's peace with God and love,
 And in heaven God will love us,
 And the Son and Spirit-Dove.
 In heaven no grief doth harrow,
 For with angels we will dwell ;
 We'll look back on the vale of sorrow,
 And bid the world the last farewell.

THE SADDEST THOUGHTS.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

I.

Sad are our thoughts when we leave home
 From a father's love and care,
 And o'er this cold world to roam,
 The heart feels so sad and drear,
 Sad thoughts we cannot banish,
 When we leave our mother dear ;
 The soul then sinks in anguish,
 And the heart then sheds a tear.

II.

Sad are the thoughts of school-boy hours,
 And the happy days then spent ;
 When we roam'd o'er fields and flowers,
 We were happy and content.
 Sad are the thoughts of those bright days,
 When we knew no grief or gloom ;
 Sad are the thoughts of sisters fair,
 Who now sleep within the tomb.

III.

Sad are the thoughts of former years,
 Oh, we feel them o'er and o'er.
 Sad are the thoughts of brothers dear,
 And of friends we'll ne'er see more.
 Sad are th' thoughts of the old fireside,
 And of friends assembled there,
 When at the hour of ev'ning tide,
 We lisped a child's first prayer.

IV.

Sad are the thoughts when we lose wealth,
 Or honor, power or fame ;
 Sad are the thoughts when we lose health,
 And the things we can't regain.
 Sad are the thoughts of pleasures pass'd,
 Oh, they now come like a dream ;
 Sad are the thoughts of what we've lost,
 And of what we might have been.

V.

Sad are th' thoughts when we depart
 From the green graves of our sires ;
 With sad thoughts the soul is fraught,
 And the heart is touch'd with fire.

When those sad thoughts pierce the heart,
 Oh, the soul then knows no rest ;
 Th' saddest thoughts are when we part
 With the one that we love best.

THE SWEETEST IN THE LAND.

I.

In Minnesota, lives a lady fair,
 Oh! may angels for ever guard her ;
 Night and day my heart is in despair,
 For I fear I will lose my charmer ;
 She's gentle and sweet, her mind is serene,
 Oh, she is both graceful and charming!
 She's stately as a queen, modest and meek,
 And she blooms like the rose of morning.

II.

Fame and renown and a thousand crowns,
 And th' power of Cæsar and Alexander,
 Splendor and power, I would lay down
 At the feet of Eve's fairest daughter.
 Flowers in full bloom, and roses in June,
 Or Phœbus of a summer's morning ;
 Sweet notes of the lute, or Orpheus' tune,
 Are n't as pleasing as my dear darling.

III.

I'd lay at her feet th' fam'd "golden fleece,"
 I'd forsake Queen Helen and Cleopatra ;
 For this one so sweet, I'd forsake all Greece,
 And the daughters of famed Italia.
 Blessings from above, may fall on my dove,
 Oh, of her I am nightly a dreaming ;
 For with rhyme I gush, since I fell in love,
 With th' lady so beautiful and pleasing.

IV.

All the golden ore, and th' tripod of yore,
 And th' wealth of Croesus and Great Damer,
 And all the mines known on the golden shore
 I would give to this lovely fair one.
 To this lady so wise, rhymes I'd indite,
 To get her for a wife I was beseeching ;
 But political strife, malice and spite,
 Assailed me both noon and evening.

V.

She is fair and grand, th' sweetest in the land,
 She is as lovely as an angel ;
 To get her hand, would make my soul glad,
 For in this world she has no equal.
 In the stilly night, my soul sheds a tear ;
 With love for her my heart is a-sighing,
 I'd lay down my life for this precious dear,
 For with grief and love I was a dying.

VI.

Once she was inclin'd to become my wife,
 Oh, how I loved and adored her,
 Enemies were ripe with a thousand lies ;
 I fear she's chang'd her mind forever.
 Tho' her mind be changed from love to hate,
 I hope that long years she'll be enjoying ;
 I'll submit to my fate, she'll find when late,
 That my enemies all were a-lying.

 EPIGRAM—TO H——.

Had I come to your house in a carriage,
 With plenty of gold and in great style ;
 Ah! then had I asked you in marriage,
 Would you give me your hand with a smile?

THE DARLING OF MY SOUL.

I.

On a ramble, of a summer's evening,
 I met a dear creature, th' fairest to behold.
 She was a lady fair, with silken flowing hair,
 My heart she did insnare, which caus'd me great woe.
 I'd love to meet her, and with love I'd greet her,
 There's none more sweeter—the darling of my soul.

II.

This lady's most divine, she drove me to rhyme,
 And the burden of my mind to her I made known—
 To ease my heart, which was pierc'd with Cupid's dart,
 The secret of my heart to her I did unfold.
 With rhyme I did beseech her, oft did I tease her ;
 But it was to please her—the darling of my soul.

III.

Oft in the stilly night my heart breaks a sigh ;
 Then I shed a flood of tears, for her I adore.
 This lady is so sweet, gentle and discreet ;
 I fear I'll die of grief, my heart is quite sore.
 When I went to see her coldly did she treat me ;
 But I'd ne'er deceive her—the darling of my soul.

IV.

She is a goddess rare, none with her can compare,
 My soul is in that fair, I wish she was my own.
 Her I can't forget ; she's more of heaven than o' earth ;
 She's fairer than Venus or Queen Helen of yore.
 With love my soul is fraught, she's th' fountain of my
 thoughts ;
 To gain her heart I've sought—she's th' darling of my
 soul.

V.

My love never frowns, there's a glory on her brow,
 Before her I'd kneel down—she's the idol of my soul.
 Could I equal Virgil's rhymes, or Homer's most sublime,
 Could I touch th' Grecian lyre, my sorrow to deplore,
 I'd worship this creature morning and evening ;
 Oh, I'd love to please her—the darling of my soul!

VI.

Now, I'll end this rhyme, I'll love her for all time,
 In my soul she'll ever shine, tho' my heart be sore ;
 Lies did me pursue—God knows my love for her 's true ;
 Oh, I would die to save her from grief and woe!
 Whatever be my station, in this great nation,
 I'll ne'er forget that fair one—she's th' darling of my soul

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When a woman wants your love,
 She will try to please you :
 When a woman has your love,
 She will try to tease you.
 She will please you,
 She will tease you.
 When a woman wants your love
 She will try to please you:

EPIGRAM.

Th' warrior fights for renown,
 The poet writes for a name ;
 A woman loves a silk gown,
 And the miser gold and gain.

HARRIET DARLING.

I.

Don't you remember, Harriet darling,
 When you stood by the apple-tree?
 You looked so beautiful and charming,
 There I fell in love with thee.
 I will ne'er forget that morning,
 For you are all the world to me ;
 Oh, I love you, Harriet darling,
 I'm always thinking, love, of thee.
 Harriet, Harriet,
 Don't you remember, Harriet darling,
 When you stood by the apple-tree?

II.

Brighter than Phoebus in the morning,
 With three rakes ye did stand ;
 Ye looked so fair and enchanting,
 So beautiful and grand.
 I'll ne'er forget your gardening,
 For ye were a lovely three ;
 Oh, I love you, Harriet darling,
 I'm always thinking, love, of thee.
 Harriet, Harriet.
 Don't you remember, Harriet darling, etc.

III.

Oh, love, don't you be alarming,
 For I'm going you to see ;
 Love, won't you greet me when calling,
 And smile fondly upon me.
 There is no goddess so charming,
 You are dearer than life to me ;
 Oh, I love you, Harriet darling,
 I'm always thinking, love, of thee.
 Harriet, Harriet.
 Don't you remember, Harriet darling, etc.

HATTIE.

Air—"Green Grow the Rushes, O!"

I WILL ne'er forget the day,
 When I met little Hattie, O!
 She look'd like an angel fair,
 Standing by her mamma, O!
 Dear little Hattie, O!
 Sweet little Hattie, O!
 The fairest maid in all the land
 Is lovely little Hattie, O!

Her eyes were like diamonds bright,
 Her hair hung down her shoulders, O!
 Her hands were like the lily white,
 And her cheeks were like th' roses, O!
 Dear little Hattie, O! etc.

She's modest and she is meek,
 Beautiful and charming, O!
 She's like an angel when she speaks,
 Is not she a darling, O!
 Dear little Hattie, O! etc.

GARFIELD HORSE.

GARFIELD horse has got a cough,
 And the do da, and the do da;
 He has the spavin and the bots,
 And the do da, and the do da day.

I'm going to run all night,
 I'm going to run all day ;
 I bet my money on the Hancock horse,
 Garfield horse will lose the day.

Garfield horse has lost his tail,
 And the do da, and the do da day ;
 And his shoulder he did sprain,
 And the do da, and the do da day ;
 I'm going to run all night, etc.

The Garfield horse is not sound,
 And the do da, and the do da ;
 He'll break his neck on the ground,
 And the do da, and the do da day.
 I'm going to run all night, etc.

Garfield horse is on a trot,
 And the do da, and the do da day ;
 He'll soon be dead—let him rot,
 And the do da, and the do da day ;
 I'm going to run all night, etc.

GARFIELD JIMMY.

ALL you lads and lasses,
 Listen to my ditty ;
 I will sing you a song,
 About Garfield Jimmy.
 Tally hi ho, hi ho, tally hi ho the grinder.
 In Washington city,
 Garfield made a blunder ;
 He joined the Shepherd ring,
 And got some of the plunder.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

He took many strides,
 He was a nice jobber ;
 The "dark horse" he rides,
 This salary grabber.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

Garfield is a great fraud,
 He is a deceiver ;
 He soiled his big paw,
 With Credit Mobilier.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

The Buckeye statesman's
 "Brief" was a big dicker ;
 With De Golyer man,
 He was a smart tricker.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

Jim won't be president,
 He is rather frail ;
 On his country's flag,
 Did he not turn tail ?
 Tally hi ho, etc.

Old Garfield will be "beat,"
 The soldiers' vote will kill him ;
 Their bill he did defeat,
 He is an old sinner.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

Garfield's heart is cold,
 He'll surely be beaten ;
 The workingmen he sold,
 For the Chinese heathen.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

Let us have a change,
 Garfield wont be winner ;
 The rings we will break,
 After next November.
 Tally hi ho, etc.

HANCOCK'S MARCH.

HANCOCKS are a fighting race,
 There is no race more bolder ;
 For the "Red-coats" they did chase,
 From Tarrytown to Dover.
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys,
 There is no man more bolder ;
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys,
 The brave American soldier.

In the year seventy-six,
 The patriots did assemble ;
 (—) Hancock his name did affix,
 Which made the British tremble ;
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys, etc.

Hancock, in Mexico did fight,
 And on the field of slaughter,
 Santa Anna he put to flight,
 And made the foe run faster.
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys, etc.

In our recent civil strife,
 Midst slaughter and confusion ;
 He fought to save th' nation's life,
 Liberty and the Union.
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys, etc.

Gen'l Hancock will gain the day,
 On the seventh of November ;
 Corruption he will sweep away,
 And all the thieving ringers.
 Vote for Gen'l Hancock, boys, etc.

VOTE HANCOCK TRUE AND ENGLISH TOO.

Boys in blue be firm and true,
 Whatever be your station ;
 Vote Hancock true and English too,
 Presidents of the nation.

Farmers you, be this your view,
 From "ringers" free the nation ;
 Vote Hancock true and English too,
 Presidents of the nation.

Miners you, that day you'll rue,
 If Gar' gets into station ;
 Vote Hancock true and English too,
 Presidents of the nation.

Tax payers you, heed this tune,
 "Sweep corruption from th' nation ;
 Vote Hancock true and English too,
 Presidents of the nation.

Workmen you, this you will do,
 Without more hesitation ;
 Vote Hancock true and English too,
 Presidents of the nation.

ANTI-RENTERS' MARCH.

Th' star of war now's advancing,
 And the brave sons of Mars,
 Their steeds are all a prancing—
 And in freedom's noble cause,
 We will all march together ;
 For to trample tyrants' laws,
 We'll fight now and for ever.

Th' flowers of Erin now're blooming,
 And the brave sons of toil,
 Their rights they are resuming—
 For our country and our right,
 We'll march forward and steady ;
 For to vanquish tyrants' might,
 We'll be loyal and ready.

God is th' Lord of all creation,
 And man is a man,
 Whatever be his station !
 And Erin's brave bands
 Now, now, are all a meeting ;
 For their homes and lands,
 They will all fight defending.

Down with the laws o' extermination,
 And down with the rent,
 All over the Irish nation ;
 Oh, you brave and you strong,
 Of famine don't be expiring ;
 But to the battle throng,
 And rather die a fighting.

IRELAND'S HYMN OF LIBERTY.

IRISH AIR.

Sons of th' brave and free, rally from sea to sea,
 Your country for to make free, from shore to shore ;
 Trample on th' despots power, tyrants we'll pull down,
 Heed not th' monarch's frown, now and for ever more ;
 Fight, you sons of Erin, all o'er the nation,
 'Till Ireland takes her station, as in days of yore.

Behold your children's tears, and of your aged sires,
 Hearken to th' widows' cries, for famine is quite sore!
 Rally from country and town, landlords we'll pull down,
 We'll trample on th' monarch's crown, we'll shed streams
 of gore ;
 Rent and taxation, famine, and desolation,
 Shall ne'er oppress th' nation, while we've a pike or sword.

Off with the despot's yoke, down with the hireling hosts!
 We'll banish the foreign foe, as Brian did the Danes ;
 Up with each stalwart man, vanquish the ruffian bands,
 We will possess th' land, as our fathers did before ;
 No more transportation or extermination,
 Shall again scourge the nation, now or ever more.

Fear not the landlord's crew, fear not the titled few,
 Fear not the hirelings too, for man must be free.
 Dungeons 'll have a fall, down with prison bars,
 Th' people will no more be thralls, we'll have liberty.
 Rally with all your might, fight for human right,
 March! March! to the strife, to death or victory!

PRESIDENT GRANT.

AIR—“*Wait for the Wagon.*”

ALL you loyal citizens,
 You will stand up in a row ;
 And against the third termers,
 How merrily we will vote.
 The old Galena tanner,
 The old Galena tanner,
 The old Galena tanner,
 Will come to grief and woe.

When Gen'l Grant was president,
 The jail-birds did loudly sing ;
 He had around him drummers,
 Of the vile old whiskey ring.
 The old Galena tanner, etc.

When Gen'l Grant was president,
 He trampled on right and law ;
 He put Hayes into office,
 By bayonets, bribes, and fraud.
 The old Galena tanner, etc.

Grant tramped his way in Europe,
 With the money of the ring ;
 He wanted the people,
 To make him Sultan or King.
 The old Galena tanner, etc.

The old Galena tanner.
 He shall never rule again ;
 Grant and all the third termers,
 May now go to Pluto's den.
 The old Galena tanner, etc.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN!

EDDY was the slyest fox,
 From Vermont to Killarney ;
 Mickey was the slyest dog,
 That ever sipped the barley.
 To ra lo ral lam,
 To ra lo ral 'lam.

Old Mickey and a good man,
 Were partners and were bankers ;
 Mickey laid a deep plan,
 The partner's gold he did hanker.
 To ra lo ral lam, etc.

But the good man passed away,
 From this world and its bondage ;
 He left his gold and bank they say,
 With Ed. and Mick to manage.
 To ra lo ral lam, etc.

The widow and her children four,
 Were in high expectations ;
 Somebody's heart will yet be sore,
 For Ed. and Mick's operations.
 To ra lo ral lam, etc.

A GIRL'S LOVE.

A GIRL loves her beau to meet,
 She likes a song or a sonnet ;
 She loves to promenade th' street,
 With a new hat or a bonnet.

TO HARRIET C. SNOW.

A VALENTINE.

[Written 1877.]

O, my friend,
This is Spring !
Snow and frost
All are gone ;
Wind and rain
Take their place.
Birds in pairs
Choose their mates ;
Groves and woods
Teem with love ;
Deer and hare
Take their mates.
Doves are cooing,
Cows are lowing,
Lambs doth play
A Spring's day.
Boys at school
Play the truant ;
Girls at school
Play the hoop.
Th' gen'al shower
Doth bless the ground ;
Ducks and geese
Fly and scream ;
Grass is growing,
Farmers 're sowing ;
Flowers 're growing,
Blossoms 're blowing.

HARRIET C. SNOW,
 Love the rose,
 It's my delight,
 Both red and white,
 When at school,
 Sweet perfume.
 Bees are humming,
 Honey's coming ;
 The speckled trout
 Doth swim about ;
 By the brook
 Anglers hook ;
 The huntsman's horn
 The fox alarms :
 The fowler's gun
 Is heard in th' woods ;
 The birds and beasts
 In pairs, agree ;
 The finny tribe
 In pairs, unite ;
 Woman and man
 Both make a span.
 HARRIET C. SNOW,
 Don't live alone !
 You wed me,
 I love thee ;
 May cupid's dart
 Pierce your heart ;
 Ask God's blessing
 For his treasure ;
 God save you
 And all yours,
 I am your love,—
 Over a flood ;
 O'er a mountain ;

By a fountain ;
 O'er a river ;
 In a city ;
 In a glen ;
 By a spring ;
 Over a dale ;
 Over a plain ;
 O'er a forest ;
 O'er a desert ;
 O'er a moor ;
 O'er a slough ;
 O'er a lake ;
 O'er a brae ;
 Everywhere.
 Let naught sever
 Our hearts—never—
 You'll live with me
 In poesy.
 May we live long,
 In verse and song,
 And with my name
 You'll live in fame.
 Write to me
 You to see,
 Yours, evermore,
 P. CUDMORE.

GRACE AFTER MEALS.

O Lord, we thank thee for food and life,
 And for all the blessings thou bestow ;
 And keep us from sickness, grief, and strife,
 And may Thy "bounties for ever flow."

AN ELEGY.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY LOWELL.

The lark sings her early morning lay,
 And phœbus illumines the eastern sky ;
 The busy world plods from day to day,
 While th' sands of time in rapid fleetness fly.

A score years, alas ! seem very brief,
 Time is a link of vast eternity ;
 (—) In dust, sleep many a sage and chief,
 Who were my friends at that eventful time.

And princes who held powerful sway,
 Then the people fear'd their angry frown ;
 Like a dream, they have passed away,
 With the worm, they sleep in darkness now.

And science since great secrets has found,
 Telegraphs traverse the Ocean deep ;
 And with the telephone's magic sound,
 Now, the world in closer union meet.

And science great secrets will yet reveal,
 Great trophies of the mind sublime ;
 And truth over error will prevail,
 Glorious will be the future time !

Long have tyrants held despotic sway,
 They have ruled because they have been strong ;
 Behold the dawn of the coming day,
 When the right shall triumph over the wrong !

I'm traveling on time's rapid tide,
 While in the present, I behold the past ;
 Memory clings to friends I've left behind,
 With me their memory shall ever last.

In Faribault there's a lovely vale,
 Near where the Straight and the Cannon meet;
 There a friend sleeps in his silent grave;
 In true friendship often did we greet.

Henry Clay Lowell was that friend's name,
 He was a great expounder of th' law;
 Green be his memory—green his grave,
 For he ne'er forsook a client's cause !

To excel in law was his great pride,
 To fawn on wealth, he nev'r would condescend;
 And his principles were above price,
 The poor man's cause he often did defend.

Methinks I hear his silver voice ring,
 As when he spoke, for justice and right;
 His eloquence conviction oft did bring,
 And law and justice triumphed o'er might.

He was a kind husband, father, and friend,
 Freedom's cause he ever did maintain,
 Justice and truth he fearless did defend,
 Peace, peace eternal be to his shade !

Lowell ! May your name never be forgot,
 May it live with th' noble and the brave;
 And while countless kings into dust shall rot,
 May your name live in immortal fame !

HARRIET.

To the world it will doubtless seem so strange,
 That I am in love in th' afternoon of age;
 To my lady love I gave my heart,
 Which prompted me to make rhyme an art;
 Love for her, filled my heart with fire,
 In prose and verse I told her my desire;
 For her I drank of Helicon's sweet fountain,
 With the muses I climb'd Parnassus' mountain.
 Though love for love to me she did not show,
 She inspired my muse, dear Harriet—
 Corrupt politicians provoked my ire,
 I hurled at them the shafts of keen satire.
 In life's afternoon, I became a wooer,—
 And a terror to political wrong doers.
 In amorous notes my muse did sing,
 Her strains were harsh when she sung of rings.
 And to my love I wrote in prose and verse,
 She paid me with disdain or cold reserve.
 Petrarch and Tasso sweet are their love songs,
 They met disappointment and cruel wrongs,
 Though "love's labor lost" ever is the same,
 The muse's reward is immortal fame!
 Immortal bards, you feel love's pangs no more,
 In your verses live Julia and Leonora!
 Harriet to me was —,
 With me she will live in song and verse.
 For a name, I was ambitious at sixteen,
 I court'd the muse of history in my teens;
 And now a historian, bard, seer, and sage,
 I write love songs when men have chills of age.

Though disappointment pursue me with rigor,
 I write prose and verse with youthful vigor.
 While writing amorous songs and satire,
 Oft I feel as if in Paradise.
 Then I forget the world and its pelf,
 I have metamorphosed myself,
 Though growing old, yet my heart is young,
 For me ev'ry flower has a tongue.
 All nature's works now I do admire,
 For me the storm speaks with tongues of fire.
 I understand the music of the grove,
 And the language of all that creep and rove,
 Though with adverse fortune I contend,
 In nature, I have myriads of friends,
 My lady love my heart refuses,
 Thank heaven I can court the muses,
 Corrupt politicians I will saterize in song,
 While on Pegasus I can drive along !

TO WILLIE AND ELLEN CUDMORE.

A SONNET.

Willie and Ellie dear little babes,
 How dear is your sweet innocent kiss;
 Long may you live and bright be your days,
 May you enjoy health, wealth and happiness.
 God's blessing attend you early and late,
 May you bless both your parents and friend;
 May wisdom and learning make you both great,
 Right and innocence may you ev'r defend.
 You are like a sheet of paper so white,
 Without ink, blots, blurs, scratches, or scrawls;
 On this paper a character you'll write,
 May it be bright as the sun and the stars.

LUCY JANE CUDMORE.

AN ACROSTIC.

Lovely she was—modest her smile,—
 Unruffl'd temper (—) heart free of guile;
 Candid (—) words, where th' truth should be told;
 Yet she was never pert or bold.
 Joyous she was, loving and kind,
 Angelic beauty form'd her mind;
 Neat she was (—) her heart free from guile,
 Exquisite sweetness was her smile.
 Careful she was, mild and discreet,
 Useful, polite, neat, and genteel;
 Dignified, without false pride,
 Modesty was her constant guide;
 Obedient, at home and at school,
 Resolv'd to follow the golden rule,
 Envy never tarnish'd her soul.

Hassinger Billy, is silly,
 He assumes nice education,
 Th' ass(—)th' filly know more than Billy,
 He is all gas and affection.

AN EPIGRAM.

The western farmers will find when late,
 That big farms are a curse to the state;
 The farmers will yet lose much property,
 By weeds in the roads, that's my prophecy.

THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH.

Doran, you are of low birth,
 Though sometimes you are civil ;
 You are th' meanest man on earth,
 You are meaner than th' devil!!

THE POET.—AN EPIGRAM.

The ev'ning of life is sad and dreary,
 And life's pilgrimage is ever weary;
 God is love—he is always truthful,
 The poet is always young and beautiful.

DOCTORS.—AN EPIGRAM.

Jews worship dollars, dimes and roubles,
 Business men now, have lost all scruples;
 Physicians are all mystery—pretense,
 Successful doctors have no conscience!

MATTY BROWN.

Fear not the frown,
 Of Matty Brown ;
 The Shieldsville clown
 From Wheatland Town.
 His rum hole stinks,
 Like Pluto's sink.
 From his rum refrain,
 It would make you insane!

THE FALL OF MEXICO.

Let American progress nev'r cease! —
 Fling the starry banner to the breeze!
 And at civilization's most stern call,
 Plant the starry flag on Montezuma's hall.
 Forward, the army of occupation,
 Hurrah! for Mexican annexation!
 American unity will expand,
 And embrace Mexico with iron bands!
 Forward, south, you busy sons of toil,
 And possess Mexico's virgin soil.
 Southward, southward, will be the coming rage,
 With th' iron horse and the progress of th' age,
 Stolid ignorance will meet its doom;
 Th' land of th' Aztecs in beauty will bloom!
 American unity long will stand,
 The pride and glory of every land,
 The starry banner, emblem of the free,
 Will wave o'er Columbia's isles and seas.
 That flag 'll wave o'er Mexico's hills and towers
 Until the silver lands will all be ours!
 Ho! for Mexico! forward the leading van,
 Forward, march! Go south, go south, who can!!

DEATH.

God said "thou shalt surely die,"
 Ah, what awful destiny;
 But what is death? a new life,
 Glorious immortality!

GOD.

Who is God ? a being sublime,
 Who fills all space and all time;
 A mystery ! Sublime and grand,
 Who fills the sea, air, and land,
 Sun, moon—planets near and far,
 Worlds, comets, and the remotest star.
 A mystery ! What speculation,
 Where was matter before creation ?

FAITH.

Faith is a belief in God and revelation,
 And a hope in future life and salvation.

LIFE.

Life—mortal life ! Ah ! what is life ?
 Pleasure, pain, fear, and expectation;
 A journey—a battle—great strife;
 Which ends with th' grave's desolation.

THE MEN OF EIGHTY-TWO.

Air—AULD LANG SYNE.

Oh ! for the men of sword and pen,
 The noble, brave and true;
 And for Brian's men to fight again,
 And th' men of Eighty-Two.

And that brave band in foreign land,
 Who died on Landon's plain;
 For fatherland with sword and brand,
 Our freedom to regain.

Oh! for Owen Roe and Brian Boru,
 The bravest of the brave;
 The volunteers of Eighty-Two,
 The nation for to save.

Bold Harry Flood with Grattan stood,
 For freedom and repeal;
 And Charlemont the great and good,
 Our rights did then maintain.

And true men, wake from your despair,
 March to the battle's tune;
 And in twain you'll break your chain,
 Like th' men of Eighty-Two.

And you to-day beyond the waves,
 Who love old Ireland too;
 Remember still your father's graves,
 And th' men of Eighty-Two.

LAMENT OF THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Air—MEETING OF THE WATERS.

I love the dear wild woods, the valley and lea,
 The prairie, the forest, the mountain and sea;
 And the scenes of my childhood where free I did roam,
 But now I am a captive and far from my home.

Let me go to the streams where the clear waters ring,
 To the groves where the birds their sweet anthems do sing;
 Where the trees are in blossom and flowers do grow,
 To the graves of my fathers white man let me go

Let me go to my home in the land of the west,
 Where the sun in its splendor and glory doth set;
 Where I followed the chase with quiver and bow,
 To kill the wolf and deer and the wild buffalo.

Let me go where the eagles in freedom do soar,
 Where the herds on the plains in millions do roam;
 Let me fish and bathe where the clear waters flow,
 To my home in the mountains white man let me go.

Let me go where my father and mother do stay,
 Where my brothers and sisters now are at play;
 Where the lakes and the rivers in grandeur do roll,
 To my father the chieftain white man let me go.

CHARITY.

Do all the good in this world you can,
 And a neighbor's faults don't closely scan.
 Don't act the miser, churl, or the boor;
 Visit the sick, and relieve the poor.
 Don't wish one ill, but bid him good speed;
 Among your neighbors don't mischief breed.
 On the world's woes you should have pity;
 The rich and poor, the wise and witty.
 When man to crime by the fiend is driven,
 Have pity on him when he's in prison.
 'Mid the plague, on the battlefield without dread,
 Care for the wounded, and bury the dead.
 From the love of God and humanity
 Spring humility and true charity.
 Satirize politicians, if you would;
 Ah! it should be for the public good.
 For my satires (law and theology);
Pro bono publico is my apology.

HOPE.

GRIEVE not for things departed,
 For this world is all vanity ;
 Hope in God ; you'll be rewarded
 With God's love for eternity.

When the storms of life surround us,
 Like the clouds of sable night,
 Hope in God, he is around us,
 He will give us joy and light.

When fondest hope is shattered,
 Like a bark on the stormy main,
 Hope from th' heart should not be banished ;
 Better hope than to despair.

When from friends we must sever,
 Never here to meet again ;
 Hope on forever, ever,
 That we shall meet in Heav'n's vale !

Tho' from loving hearts we're driven,
 Like a wreck on a stormy shore ;
 Hope, the anchor God hath given,
 In Heaven fond hearts 'll part no more.

And you who fight by land and sea,
 The tyrant's chains for to sever,
 The sword alone will make you free ;
 Hope in the sword forever, ever !

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

THE West, oh! the West, is th' land now for me,
Where forest and prairie expand to th' sea ;
Where the great rivers in splendor do roll,
Man has no master; the land is his own.

The city has splendor, fashion, and pride,
Where thousands do suffer with want and strife ;
In th' West there's peace and plenty in store,
Man has no master, the land is his own.

The West has mountains and rivers of gold,
Its lakes and rivers are grand to behold ;
The lordly landlords the farmers disown,
Man has no master, the land is his own.

There's deer in the forest, wher'ever you go,
And elk on the plains and wild buffalo ;
The farmers do reap the crops they have sown,
Man has no master, the land is his own.

You toiling millions, wher'ever you be,
In crowded cities or 'yond the sea ;
Come to the West, where the lords are unknown,
Man has no master, the land is his own.

For cruel taskmasters, nevermore toil,
Come West and possess the rich virgin soil ;
For in th' West, abundance does flow,
Man has no master, the land is his own.

Fly from the great cities, as from foul things,
 The farmers are freer than monster kings ;
 For while the farmers sleep, their crops do grow,
 Man has no master, the land is his own.

Come to the West, you millions who can,
 Here you'll enjoy th' divine rights of man ;
 Here the great empire of freedom has grown,
 Man has no master, the land is his own.

THE OLD FIRESIDE.

THEY grew in love by th' old fireside,
 Midst laughter, mirth, and glee ;
 Now they are parted far and wide,
 By river, hill, and sea.
 And by the cheerful fire so bright,
 With love their hearts did glow ;
 A mother bid them all good night,
 Where are the dear ones now ?

One sleeps beyond the western main,
 Far from his own he rests,
 And by a savage hand was slain,
 An Indian of the West.
 And one beneath the blue sea's foam,
 In coral beds doth sleep ;
 Another lies on Afric's shore,
 And friends for him do weep.

And one in a foreign land,
 On th' Russian plain,
 In war's conflict sword in hand,
 By the Russ was slain.

And one where the summer's flowers,
 In June doth bloom,
 Faded midst southern bowers,
 A victim of th' tomb.

Thus, are parted, far and wide,
 By fate's most stern decree,—
 Those who were a father's pride,
 Knelt at a mother's knee.
 And some who on life's stormy shore,
 Like a bark are driven ;
 On earth this band will meet no more,
 May they meet in heaven !

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER'S MARCH.

I WAS born near the Galtees, that place is ever dear,
 I paid rent to a landlord for many a long year,
 Till I joined "Capt. Moonlight," with sabre, gun, and spear ;
 O; it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer !

As I and my comrades were drilling with our spears,
 The peelers were a watching us—for them we had no fear ;
 For we can shoot and fight, my boys, and jump over anywhere ;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer !

As I and my companions were marching rank and file,
 We chanced to meet a traitor who had taken many a bribe ;
 We shot him through the heart, my boys, and to the woods
 did steer ;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer !

With our guns on our shoulders we wandered up and down,
 We met a troop of cavalry coming from the town ;

We fought them hand to hand, my boys, till they scamper'd
like a deer ;

O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer !

Now to fight for freedom it is our intent,

Down with the cruel landlords and their cursed rent ;

The rent that we will give them is lead and cold steel !

O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer !

THE FARMER GIRLS.

AIR—" *The Braes of Balquhither.*"

WILL you come, love, come,

We'll both go together ;

Over the green fields,

And the mountain heather.

Ov'r the blooming meads,

And the glens so airy ;

We will pluck the rose,

The pink and the daisy.

We'll see the golden wheat,

And the rich waving corn,

And the clover so sweet,

In the mow of the barn.

We'll see girls very neat,—

Blithe as any fairy ;

We'll see fruit on the trees,

And milk in the dairy.

Farmer girls with the lark,

Rise early in the morning ;

They are joyous and frank,

They're lovely and charming.

How blithely they trip,
 O'er the fields of clover ;
 How gaily they sing
 When they meet their lover.

Their light hearts do bound,
 Like the roe on the mountain ;
 Their souls are as pure
 As the waters of the fountain.
 Their hair doth hang free,
 In ringlets and curls ;
 There's bloom on the cheeks,
 Of the dear farmer girls.

FANNY, O!

I was East and I was West,
 I have seen maidens many, O!
 A bright star among the best,
 Was sweet and lovely Fanny, O!

Her eyes were like th' stars at night,
 Her lips were like th' rubies, O!
 Her teeth were like the pearl bright,
 Oh, wasn't she a beauty, O!

She was like the Queen of May,
 Her beauty more enchanting, O!
 She was modest, neat, and gay,
 A beauty rare was Fanny, O!

She was so gentle, pure, and wise,
 And lovers she had many, O!
 The world would be a paradise,
 Were all the maids like Fanny, O!

LISTEN TO ME, JULIA.

I SHALL ne'er forget the day
 When Julia I did meet ;
 She was modest, neat, and gay,
 Gentle and discreet.

Listen to me, Julia,
 Listen to me long ;
 Listen to me, Julia,
 Listen to my song.

Pink and primrose, flowers fair,
 And roses red in June ;
 The lily of the valley, dear,
 Are not so sweet as you.

Listen to me, Julia, etc.

The birds are warbling on each tree,
 Messengers of spring ;
 Dear Julia, won't you sit by me,
 And for you I'll sing.

Listen to me, Julia, etc.

O, my dear loving Julia,
 The song I will indite ;
 Don't you think, dear Julia,
 You'd make a pretty wife.

Listen to me, Julia, etc.

AGNES DARLING.

AIR—" *Groves of Blarney.*"

AGNES, darling, you are so charming,
 My heart doth warm to you, my dear ;
 And while sleeping, of you I'm dreaming,
 I am always happy when you are near.
 Both night and morning I am alarming,
 At the thought of parting with you, my love ;
 In the evening my heart is bleeding,
 Until I am greeting my precious dove.

She is enchanting and entrancing,
 She is a maiden both young and fair ;
 Her love's enticing, she is inviting,
 There is no beauty can with her compare.
 Like an angel dreaming she's when sleeping,
 In ringlets flow her silken hair ;
 Her voice melodious, is more harmonious
 Than the music of the heav'nly spheres.

As the roses her cheeks are glowing,
 Like the swan is her milk-white breast ;
 Heaven is ringing when she is singing,
 Like the angels she is ever blest.
 Than the diamonds her eyes are brighter,
 Her lips are like the rubies rare ;
 She is meeker, and her voice more sweeter
 Than that of Venus, the goddess fair.

With exultation and contemplation,
 In expectation her I do admire ;

It is amusing to write effusions,—
 I have invoked the muses nine.
 Oh! she is sweeter and genteeler
 Than ladies both proud and vain ;
 May heaven bless her and protect her,
 And keep her from grief and pain.

MARY ANNE IS IN HEAVEN.

By the sea and flowing river,
 Long time ago,
 My love and I met together
 Where th' billows roll.
 Love for her I then cherished
 In my heart's core ;
 Alas! from earth she perished,
 Long time ago.

By the groves and flowing waters,
 Long time ago,—
 I met th' fairest of Eve's daughters
 In th' evening's glow.
 To my words of love she listened
 In accents low ;
 With love her eyes then glistened,
 Long time ago!

Then our hearts we joined together,
 Long time ago!
 Shall I forget her?—never!
 No, dear one, no!
 To my love these tears are given,
 Ever to flow!
 My Mary Anne's in heaven,
 Long time ago!

LOVELY ANNIE.

You'RE like the rose in June,

Annie, dear, Annie, dear ;

You're like the rose in June,

Lovely Annie.

You're like the rose in June,

When it sheds its sweet perfume.

You're the darling of your mamma.

Your eyes are very bright,

Annie, dear, Annie, dear ;

Your eyes are very bright,

Lovely Annie.

Your eyes are very bright,

Like the stars at night.

You're the darling of your mamma.

You're modest and fair,

Annie, dear, Annie, dear ;

You're modest and fair,

Lovely Annie.

You're modest and fair,

Your heart is sincere.

You're the darling of your mamma.

You're gentle and true,

Annie, dear, Annie, dear ;

You're gentle and true,

Lovely Annie.

You're gentle and true,

I'll ne'er forget you.

You're the darling of your mamma.

MY LOVELY BLUE-EYED JANIE.

My love, my love, adieu, adieu,
My heart is sad and dreary ;
Dear love, how can I part with you,
My lovely blue-eyed Janie.

For winter now is nearly gone,
And its winds and snows so dreary ;
How can I leave you now alone,
My lovely blue-eyed Janie.

And spring will come with all its bloom,
The birds will sing blithe and gayly ;
But my poor heart will fill with gloom,
Parting with blue-eyed Janie.

The pink and lovely rose in June,
The lily, thyme, and daisy,
Are not more precious, sweet, and pure,
Than lovely blue-eyed Janie.

She was modest and free from guile,
Oh! it breaks my heart quite fairly ;
I'll ne'er forget her modest smile,
My lovely blue-eyed Janie.

I saw the tears roll in her eye,
I knew she loved me dearly ;
For her I would lie down to die,
My lovely blue-eyed Janie.

Oh! sad it is from Jane to part,
My heart feels sore and dreary ;
She's enshrined in my heart,
My lovely blue-eyed Janie.

AN ACROSTIC.

Joyous she was—modest her smile—
 Angelic beauty form'd her mind,—
 Neat she was (—) her heart free from guile,
 Exquisite sweetness was her smile.
 Modest was she, polite, genteel,
 Courteous, with a mind serene ;
 Graceful her form, from nature's mould,
 Respectful (—) to both young and old ;
 Always good at home and at school,
 Th' teacher's order (—) her golden rule,
 Heart, mind, and soul free from wrath.

Farewell, my lovely Jane,
 Our hearts must sever ;
 Adieu, my dearest fair,
 Now, and forever.

KATIE DEAR.—A SONNET.

I HAVE traveled East and West,
 I have roamed both far and near ;
 Of all the maids I love you best,
 You are my lovely Katie, dear.

I loved your form to caress,
 For your soul knew no guile or fear ;
 Your bosom to my heart to press,
 Was my delight, my Katie, dear.

Alas! from you I did roam,
 Many a long and dreary year ;
 In my heart you had a home,
 My sweet and lovely Katie, dear.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

WILLIAM advanced and James retired,
 For a final stand on th' famous Boyne—
 On th' last day of June the hostile lines
 Confront'd one another on the banks of Boyne.
 On th' placid stream was heard the cannon
 Which warned of the fatal morrow,
 July the first, that memorable day,
 Th' hostile armies met in war's array.
 William, at Old Bridge, crossed the ford,
 While James stood inglorious at Dunore.
 James' brave gunner, cried, "My liege sire
 I have the three kingdoms in a line."
 King James hesitates, he did falter ;
 He cri'd, "Don't make a widow of my daughter."
 James was defeated—France did feel th' shock—
 The Irish army then had fallen back—
 On the Shannon line, Irish chivalry
 Made a stand with Sarsfield's cavalry.
 King James left Ireland doomed—sad fate!
 And scampered off to Dublin Gate—
 Athlone and Aughrim fell—oh, sad fate—
 Sarsfield cri'd, we'll stand at Limerick Gate.
 William confident of a victory
 Laid siege to Limerick—fam'd city—
 To destroy William's heavy siege cannon,
 Sarsfield and his men crossed th' Shannon.
 Sarsfield's brave men did not curb a rein
 Until they met with William's siege train,
 And like the typhoon's wild fearful blast
 His troops swooped down on William's camp—
 The guards were sabered—th' convoy slain,
 And William's siege guns were all aflame.

William's army felt th' shock, with sorrow—
 Sarsfield crossed th' Shannon on th' morrow.
 He entered the city—what delight,—
 The champion of freedom,—th' nation's right.
 William's army—a mercenary band—
 Who for mere pay left their fatherland—
 They had many hirelings in their train.
 The gay Frenchman and the savage Dane ;
 Dutch, Prussian, Swiss, and th' Huguenots ;
 English, Anglo-Irish, and th' hardy Scots—
 This hireling host fought for bread and pay—
 The Irish had but a penny a day!—
 William's siege guns poured shot like rain—
 Thirty-six guns, and four mortars was th' train.
 Red hot shot and shell like rain did fall.
 A breach was made in the solid wall.
 The English shout'd when they saw the gap,
 But soon they found that it was a trap.
 Twelve thousand foemen made the attack,
 With great slaughter they were driven back—
 A second assault was made in vain—
 Many of Ireland's foemen were slain.
 Midst huzzas shot and shell fell like rain,
 The haughty foe was put to rout again,
 Many of the foemen fell that day—
 English, Anglo-Irish, Prussian, and Dane.
 They were, indeed, a fierce motly crew,
 Those foreign hirelings—" (Dutch, White and Blue) "—
 The Irish fought like a brave Spartan band.
 And pursued William to his camp—
 What sad disappointment—what chagrin
 This defeat was to the British king.
 Out spoke the king, " Limerick soon would fall
 Had I that handful of men behind that wall "!!

William decamp'd—confusion and ire—
 The houses of the sick were set afire.
 Four days after this eventful day,
 William left the city in despair.
 His pride was hurt—what bitter sorrow—
 The British king bow'd to Irish valor!
 Next summer, th' roar of British cannon
 Resounded on the lordly Shannon.
 Ginkle, Talmash, Makay with a train
 Pour'd into Limerick shot like rain.
 Into the city, from th' Shannon deep
 Shot and shell rain'd from the British fleet,
 The city wall close to the Shannon
 Was breach'd by sixty twelve pound cannon.
 The English grenadiers led the attack
 And the Dutch guards follow'd in their track.
 Through the breach more columns did advance,
 While showers of grape decimat'd their ranks.
 And still more columns reinforc'd their lines
 They enter'd th' city under deadly fire—
 English batteries rain'd shot meanwhile
 Till the city was engulf'd in fire.
 The smoke from the city spread far and wide
 Till it obscur'd Keeper's Mountain side,
 Fresh columns advanced—Dutch auxiliary—
 Brandenburgs captur'd th' "black battery"—
 All hope was then fading in the gloom—
 Th' inhabitants thought th' city met its doom.
 Great was the slaughter, terrific th' strife,
 The combat raged for death or life.
 Th' hopes of th' inhabitants would expire,—
 Under th' battery Sarsfield sprung th' mine.
 Th' terrific explosion did th' city shock,
 As an earthquake doth a mountain rock—

Th' Brandenburgers were now overthrown—
 The fierce invaders were in pieces blown.
 For their altars, hearths, country and homes
 Limerick women fought the hireling foe —
 The women frantic with wild despair—
 Mothers, wives, daughters—(the beauties fair),
 On th' foemen made a sudden dash—
 They were the foremost in the Irish ranks.
 Once more may we see such a noble sight—
 Ireland's women fighting for Irish right.
 When will such a sight be seen again,
 Women fighting side by side with men?
 Amidst shot and shell and cannon ball
 Men and women stood like a solid wall.
 And as the lightning in th' heavens flash
 The Irish phalanx on the foemen dash.
 The British stagger'd and th' Irish did shout,
 Th' foe in confusion was put to rout.
 October third—Limerick's defender
 By "treaty" to Ginkle did surrender.
 This "treaty" to Limerick brought fame—
 Punic England lost honor and name.
 What dishonor to the British throne—
 Proud Limerick and th' "treaty stone."
 Limerick's defenders 'yond the main
 Won renown in Austria, France and Spain,
 They lost Limerick and th' fatal Boyne
 They won laurels at fam'd Fontenoy.
 Irishmen, remember now as of yore
 Perfidious Albion and th' "Treaty Stone"!!
 Ere for England you shed blood again
 Either on land or on th' briny main,
 Forget not England's perfidy in th' past,
 Remember Limerick and Mullaghmast!!

WEXFORD IN 1798.

For centuries, th' people's necks were bent,
To landlords, agents, tithes, and high rent,
Th' landlord robbers—Norman and Cromwellian,
Drove the farmers to make laws agrarian.
And to elude the despot's power,
They made their laws at the midnight hour,
To avoid informers—anti-Irishmen,
They met in mountains, caverns, bogs, and glen.
They feared the prison and the rack,
Pitch-cap, gibbet—yeomen on their track.
Bloody nocturnal visits to their homes,
Transportation, tread-mill, and th' "croppy" holes.
England keeps th' people in constant awe,
By that dreadful engine, martial law.
What country, since the world's creation,
Has suffered more than the Irish nation?
The people were oppress'd by invasion,
English bloody laws and confiscation,—
But the great hope of the Irish nation,
Was th' anticipated "French invasion."
Though long old England did the Irish hate,
She said fight the French and we'll conciliate.
She makes fair promises in her weak hour,
To be broken when she has th' power!—
The colonial jailers of the Pale,
Had a monopoly of Church and State.
The English Tories were in confusion;
They feared the French and revolution.
Their Irish allies, the colonial jailers,
Trembled with fear of a French invasion.
Pen nor tongue their anguish can't portray
When the French landed at Bantry Bay.

Fate sav'd England—th' elements were her friend,
 And Grouchy's fleet was driven by th' wind.
 Had not the winds Grouchy's fleet driven,
 Th' English connection would be riven.
 Winds and sails her allies long have been,—
 "Wooden walls" 'll sink by iron and steam ;
 Tories hat'd democracy (—) "communistic,"
 The united Irishmen (—) "Irish Republic."

Wexford rebellion, th' anti-Irish deride,
 But patriots remember it with pride.
 And tho' tyrants mock the patriot's fate,
 We'll remember th' days of Ninety-Eight!
 Fire and sword—fiendish devastation,
 Drove Wexford people to desperation.
 The peaceful people were driven to ire,
 By horrid murders—ev'n nocturnal fire.
 The yeoman cavalry, early and late,
 Committed crimes too horrid to relate.
 The government want'd war, was it civil,
 To employ yeomen and "Tom the Devil?"
 Child, mother, virgin, sick,—(oh, what woe)
 Received no mercy from th' fiendish foe.
 The bloody tyrants—th' vandal power,
 Met a check, in an unlooked for hour.
 The tyrants soon felt the powerful rod,
 For setting fire ev'n to the House of God!
 A priest, beholding his church on fire,
 Said my people, we must fight or die!
 Resist tyrants, like men fight for your rights
 Even to death, resist Gowans and Whites.
 Grasp gun, sword, pike,—to arms every man,
 And I, your priest, will bravely lead the van.
 Two thousand patriots, with an iron will,

With Father Murphy, met at Oulart Hill.
 There they resolved their country to save,
 And fought the yeomen who long did them enslave.
 And like an avalanche o'er Alpine Rock,
 The Wexford patriots on the yeomen dash,
 The North Cork militia, met vengeance dire,
 For all but five in th' conflict did expire.
 May we soon see such another sight,
 Irish patriots fighting for Ireland's right,
 The country blazed with the bonfire's glare
 And horns resounded on the midnight air,
 Horses gallop'd—th' horn served for a drum,
 To warn the people that war had begun.
 Enniscorthy had within her rampart walls,
 Wexford yeoman—men from Donegal,
 Town and fortress, after four hours fight,
 Did then surrender to the Irish pike.
 The patriots followed on the foeman's tracks,
 And routed the bloodhounds at "Three Rocks."
 Wexford people to vengeance were driven,
 And in their ranks were seen men of Heaven.
 The brave patriots from th' foe ne'er did flinch,
 Rev. Father Murphy, Roach, Kearns, and Clinch.
 The air was rent with buzzas—Irish cheering,
 For the victory at Tubber, neering.

And like thunder, was the deaf'ning yell,
 When the Irish pikemen on th' foemen fell.
 Grand refulgent was the wall of steel,
 As it glittered in the summer sheen ;
 Like a hurricane was its awful dash—
 It crushed th' foemen at the winding pass.
 Oh! had Ireland an O'Neill or a Sarsfield then,
 Dublin would be freed from th' Saxon den,

Old England's power would fall that day,
 Had th' French landed in Bantry Bay.
 The Irish patriots were in martial tune,
 They captured New Ross th' fifth of June.
 Harvey's treacherous blunder—sad mishap,—
 Th' Royal army recaptured New Ross,
 Which mar'd the junction with Fort Duncannon,
 Kilkenny, Galway, Limerick, and th' Shannon,
 The patriots met a reverse—sad blow,—
 They were repulsed at famed Arklow,
 The undaunt'd patriots of iron will,
 Then fell back on Vinegar Hill.
 Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, the same,
 At Carrickbyrne was put to rout with shame.
 The country was invest'd by land and sea,
 By yeoman, soldiers, and the British fleet,
 The troops of three kingdoms and the Hessian line,
 Like Goths and Vandals fell on one small shire!
 Like a Troygan, or a Spartan band,
 Th' men of Wexford made a final stand,
 And like the ocean's angry tide,
 British troops pour'd in from ev'ry side.
 The fire and smoke—terrific—greater,—
 Than th' flames of Ætna's firey crater.

Outnumbered—the patriots were vanquished—
 Overpowered—not conquered!
 The day was lost on hill and plain,—
 Irishmen 'll fight the battle o'er again.
 England will fall—sad will be her fate
 For her bloody deeds in Ninety-Eight.
 Irishmen, remember England's puny faith,
 She violat'd (—) promises in Ninety-Eight.
 The hireling soldiers with satanic rage,—

Showed no mercy to sex or age,—
 In their fury and dreadful fiendish ire,
 Churches and hospitals, they set on fire,
 The magistrates follow in their tracks,
 With hangman and halter at their backs,
 In towns and in the king's highway,
 Men on gibbets swung night and day.
 What a drama was act'd then,
 By demons in the shape of men,
 The midnight slaughter th' savage yell,—
 Were th' monsters then let loose from hell?
 Fire, sword, famine, (—) midnight sack,—
 Thousands groaned in dungeons and on th' rack,
 Many were entomb'd in filthy jails
 Their flesh was mangled with cat-o-nine tails.
 What lament—wailing—what salt tears,
 For the heads impaled on spears,—
 Drunken orgies—crimes horrible to tell,
 Oh! no mercy for sick, age, or sex,
 Mother, babe, virgin—hoary-headed sire,
 Oh! horrid crimes call for vengeance dire!
 The United Irishmen, th' patriots do inspire;
 They didn't surrender—many did expire—
 In the conflict with the tyrant's power,
 They braved death in that awful hour,
 Their memory 'll fight battles o'er and o'er,—
 (Fitzgerald, O'Connor, Emmet and Wolfe Tone)
 From the tyrants thousands then did flee
 To every clime beyond the sea.
 Let Irishmen keep up agitation,
 For independence and separation.
 Let Irishmen wait for the wished for hour,
 (—) England at war with some great power,
 Then strike the blow, your chains to sever,
 Make Ireland free ever—for ever,

Like Hercules, destroy the monster Hydra,
 British policy, "*divide et impera.*"
 Be united—to arms every man!
 And bury th' hatchet of dividing clan.
 Ere you are free, knowledge must be sought,
 Exert your freedom in the realms of thought.
 Ireland 'll have complete emancipation
 Through universal education!—
 The people must read—read with a will,
 To obtain knowledge—science and drill.
 You, who in England put your trust,
 Know that her bubble will soon burst,
 Her wealth and power 'll vanish like a dream
 Before the Russians—science and steam,
 And all her ports, arsenals, and docks,
 Will disappear from a mighty shock.
 And as the earthquake Lisbon did gulf down,
 Will come the destruction of London Town.
 Woe, woe to the English nation,
 War, famine, pestilence, conflagration.
 Ireland would be free, glorious, and great,
 Were all her sons like those of Ninety-Eight!
 No matter what may be his gown or coat,
 Trust not the man who takes a "British oath;"
 Strike for liberty, strike with all your might,
 Use fire and sword, and even dynamite!!

ETIQUETTE.

MILLIONS study the art of feeding,
 I wish they'd "learn what is good breeding,"—
 For it is a mark of genteel breeding,
 For to suppress anger and ill feeling.

Your curiosity you should restrain,
 You shouldn't ask questions to cause others pain.
 And in company, on no pretense,
 Your speech or actions shouldn't give offense.
 In company, do not be pert or bold,
 Don't tell people that they are growing old!
 Be polite at table and while dining,
 Don't eat with greed—don't be fault finding.
 Servants or waiters don't worry or tease,
 A true gentleman is not hard to please.
 At table, don't talk of sickness or gore,
 Or of things disgusting, wounds or sore.
 At table, don't argue politics—theology,—
 And about the food make no apology.
 In company, don't indulge in flattery,
 Insinuations, winks, gibes or mockery.
 Respect present company—don't be drumming,
 Indulge not in loud laughter or humming.
 Don't be angry at the dinner table,
 You should have a mild face when able.
 On no occasion, don't good manners lack,
 In company, on speakers don't turn your back!
 In company, debtors you shouldn't dun,
 You shouldn't converse in an unknown tongue:
 Don't indulge in mere contention,
 Nothing's gained by angry contradiction.
 Be calm, don't fly into a passion,
 Avoid extremes in dress and fashion.
 If rich, don't act the churl or the boor,
 Don't frown on the ignorant or th' poor.
 Of your house and furniture do not brag,
 Do not tell people that their clothes are rags:
 And of your costly jewels do not boast,
 Don't sneer at a man with a thread bare coat.

If you wish to live a happy life,
 Oh ! don't provoke domestic strife ;
 Your peace of mind away you shouldn't fritter,
 In fault finding with your wife or sister.
 Their minor faults you shouldn't closely scan,
 But please the dear creatures if you can.
 Honor is due to age and station,
 And the rulers of the nation.
 To be a real fine gentleman,
 You should be a kind mannered man.
 Obey honor's laws—ever hate the wrong,
 Be just, and help the weak against the strong.
 Be candid, courteous—and brave in fight,
 Show fair-play and fight for human right.
 Be kind to a friend, when he is in need,
 Don't insult a man or his creed.
 Don't criticise one's language or dress,
 Your opinion you should frankly express.
 To be a gentleman—to merit fame,
 Avoid duplicity and be humane.
 In battle, never fly from danger,
 Don't oppress a fallen foe or stranger.
 To please others you should yourself demean,
 And you should always dress both neat and clean.
 Be neither too reserved nor too cold,
 Don't be pettish, fretful or a scold.
 Hide your anger, do not scowl or frown,
 And try to keep your ill temper down ;
 Unless with wits, don't indulge in jeers,
 The poor and deform'd don't provoke with sneers.
 Don't act the vain frivolous coquette,
 Well-bred ladies practice etiquette.
 Masters to their servants should be kind,—
 And easy to please marks a noble mind !

Don't take offense at a friendly jest,
 Feel good natured—surely it's best.
 And a moral man, who has good sense,
 Is ever slow to give offense.
 While traveling, you will shun much danger,
 By politeness to every stranger.
 And if a ruffian should cross your path,
 A kind word, a smile turneth away wrath.
 And it is a truth you will ever find,
 Your own business you'd better mind.
 In company, don't talk of your pelf,
 Don't think the world was made for yourself.
 Rules of politeness—moral maxims
 Indeed, are truths like Euclid's axioms.
 And in every clime and station,
 Good breeding is good education !!
 Principles of politeness—gentility,
 Come from a kind heart and humanity.
 If we wish to enjoy peace and ease,
 We must study others for to please.
 Oh ! what a blessing is a peaceful mind,
 Then be just and merciful and kind.
 At a stranger do not rudely stare,
 With the world's folly oft we must bear.
 Don't tell people that they are proud or vain,
 And do not tell them that they are insane !
 Don't be insulting—angry in debate,
 Your opponent you must not underrate.
 Don't display your pride or arrogance,
 Don't taunt your opponent with ignorance.
 It's a mark of ignorance—ill breeding,
 To interrupt one when he's speaking.
 Don't feel important when in high station,—
 Rulers are the servants of the nation.

Your vain glory often you must restrain,
 Your friends you should not too much praise or blame.
 Learning and talent don't too much display,
 Of your worth let others have their say.
 Bestow a kind word, a nod, or a smile,
 On authors and inventors in their toil !
 It is vulgarity and ill breeding,
 To speak ill of an author's works in his hearing.
 Authors are sensitive—quick to take offense,
 Don't provoke their anger on any pretense.
 Have kind words for th' sick, aged, and youth,
 And never shrink from honor and the truth.
 When one calls to see you, do not say,
 If not sick, " I can't see you to-day."
 Of friends, foes, inferiors—your betters—
 You should always acknowledge their letters.
 When in fault, you'd better make excuse,
 You should breathe lightly an unwelcome news.
 It isn't gentlemanly to play the spy,
 And into private business do not pry.
 With th' ignorant it's better not contend,—
 Always speak kindly of an absent friend.
 And no matter what ev'r may be your view,
 Don't tell strangers what they should say or do !
 When with strangers, it is a wise plan,
 To say little, but hear all you can.
 No matter what may be your condition,
 Do not be too free with your opinion.
 It isn't good sense, principle—breeding,
 To judge others by your own feeling.
 What's religion without morality,
 Politeness, modesty—humanity.
 Nothing but the law of necessity
 Can excuse th' want of punctuality.

Don't ask a man about his wealth,
 Or his family affairs except it's health.
 Keep your promise, secrets don't disclose,
 For on faith all honor doth repose.
 With th' rich and poor—it is all the same,
 Address another as he signs his name.
 Don't be unkind even in trifles,
 Give others their accustomed titles.
 To read others writings do not try,
 It is another way to play spy.
 On your clothes don't use much perfumes,
 Like the peacock don't display your plumes.
 Always speak without hesitation,
 Be correct in your pronunciation.
 To disclose secrets, your friend don't importune,
 And don't rejoice at another's misfortune.
 Speak without passion when you reprove a friend,
 Only with mildness his faults you can amend.
 Don't be snappish, sullen, or morose,
 Use not language impolite or coarse ;—
 Caution, caution, caution, always beware,
 How you ask others their private affairs !

THE MINNESOTA OLD BOND RING.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
 Wisconsin became a sovereign State—
 It left out in the cold—outside its lines,
 Blankets and Red-men and men that were white—
 Certain smart ones said it's a very good thing,
 In Stillwater to get up a big ring—
 Whether Whigs or Democrats it's all the same.
 We'll be the fathers of a new State.

We will get money—wont we be great?
 We'll run the Territory—we'll run the State,
 We'll make money out of Indians and sell town lots,
 And as Whigs and Democrats we'll get Uncle Sam's pap.
 They joined hands and circled all around,
 They danced to the tune of the Indian pow-vow.

This double-headed monster, blankets and squaws,
 Moved its headquarters to the city of St. Paul,
 Fillmore went out and Pierce went in,
 And more politicians danced in the ring—
 Balance to your partner and give a swing.
 But Governor Gorman wouldn't dance in the ring—
 The double-headed monster devised a plan
 And Gorman was supplanted by Gov. Sam.—
 Gentlemen, prepare for the very next set,
 All is fish that come into our net—
 Indians, houses, forts, town sites and lots,
 Railroads, bonus, and "old railroad bonds,"
 They joined hands and circled all around
 They danced to the tune of the Indian pow-vow.

Change the music—tip up a reel
 With the pow-vow join "Kansas that bleeds"—
 But whether it's Lincoln or Douglas gets in
 We'll keep up the music, we'll dance in the ring—
 State conventions, Democrats, Republicans, one and all,
 Danced to the music of the ring in St. Paul.
 A Nova Scotia crow in flight dropped a quill,
 It's the pen that tones the bond-holders ring;
 The farmers danced to this music awhile,
 On the 12th of last June (1877) they smelt a mice,
 They will smell them and smell them again,
 Until they break up the "Old Bond Ring."
 They joined hands and circled all around,
 They danced to the tune of the Indian pow-vow.

SHAKING THE RAILROADS OVER HELL.

THE railroad companies charge high freight,
 Governor Austin ov'r hell would 'em shake,
 Not by the grip of collar and elbow,
 But by the neck and th' broad of th' breeches.
 The gulf was a yawning, 'twould give 'em a shock,
 Worse than a fall from the Tarpeian Rock.
 The Governor didn't give 'em the shake,
 He feared to stand ov'r th' sulphurous lake,
 He thought to send them by another road ;
 O'er the River to Pluto in Charon's boat.
 To hell the companies would not go,
 They gave greenbacks for Horace's own notes.
 This affair seemed right, honorable and meet,
 But for strictures in th' *Democrat* by Green,
 The fierce Governor's passion was surged,
 He'd put Editor Green into the jug,
 Not th' jug that toppers put wine and gin in,
 Nor where Grant said Butler was "corked in."
 Gov. was up for office—he got frightened,
 And had th' editor jerked up for libel.
 After election th' libel proved a joke,
 And the matter ended in fume and smoke.
 Heed this moral—whoev'r you may be,
 The Companies have money they go "scot free."

MUSIC.

HELICON, Boeotian's sacred mountain,
 Long in song will live thy fountain,
 And at thy memorable spring,

Muses did reside and sing.
 Music is th' most sublime of arts,
 Its strains do entrance our hearts.
 Mercury, so the story doth go,
 While walking on Egyptian shore,
 Struck his big toe against a tortoise-shell,
 Its sound charmed him like a fairy spell.
 Its music he did much admire,
 So he construct'd the harp or lyre.
 Greece, thy music will live long,
 Unequal'd in rhyme and in song.
 Thy muses their harps did attune,
 And Eolus charmed with the lute.
 Poets learned musical notes,
 When the birds strained their throats.
 I love the return of the spring,
 When the woods with sweet music ring.
 So the lyre, how strange to tell,
 Was conceived from the tortoise-shell,
 The lute, bugle, and Highland pipe,
 All are imitations of the wind.
 Music to man has been given,
 By the birds and th' winds of heaven.

THE COMET OF 1881.

THE dog-days and the comet's train of fire,
 Filled men's souls with murderous desire ;
 The comet's tail brought storms, plagues, and war,
 And sure death to Russia's fierce old Czar.
 To our nation it brought grief and woe,

That fatal pistol of Charles Guiteau ;
 It was the comet inspired his intent,
 To take the life of our good President.
 They people fell to cry and to lament,
 They prayed to save their rulers from th' comet.
 Then crown heads set up a dismal wail,
 They fear'd destruction from the comet's tail !
 Astronomers said that on last June,
 The comet's tail swept the earth like a broom ;
 Shipton raised a great commotion,
 About the world's end, or its explosion.
 Astronomers said that it was quite plain,—
 The world's destruction by the comet's train.
 They said our planet would meet its doom,
 Should th' comet fall on the sun or moon,
 And that should the stranger strike our planet,
 Our world would become another comet !
 Some say that the comet while going back,
 Met an unlucky planet in its track.
 That its people were thrown into commotion,
 By the comet's terrific explosion.
 That such a blaze was seen from its big gun,
 Nothing like it was seen under the sun.
 That it was, indeed, a glorious sight,—
 That it gave John Bull a horrid fright,
 John Bull with Jonathan would unite,
 To stop the traffic in dynamite.
 John Bull now his misdeeds doth disclaim,
 Don't forget the Alabama claim !
 It was good of th' comet to hang fire,
 While its tail to our earth was so near ;
 May God speed you, wherever you're gone,
 Great comet of eighteen eighty-one.

SPRING.

THE cold winter now is fairly gone,

With its chilly winds and dreary gloom ;
Spring with hope of new life has began,

With buds and blossoms—renewed bloom.
Some say that it's nature's law—divine plan,
That times and season should change like the moon,
It's nature's grand law—what awful decree,—
All is change, not waste, through eternity.

How grand and lovely is a spring day,

Pleasant is a walk in the afternoon ;
Oh, I love the charming month of May,

With its buds and blossoms—fragrant bloom.
The clouds, the wind, and the sun's bright ray,
Drive away the winter's chilly gloom,
The rainbow looks so gloriously bright,
Birds and beasts seem happy with delight.

The finny tribes of the frozen lakes,

From their icy prison now are free ;
And now the birds have chosen their mates,

And in their joy and happiness agree.
How sweet their songs both early and late,
Their music is wafted on the breeze,
Sweet warblers you enjoy your fill of bliss,
Unhappy man oft envy your happiness.

The woods and fields wear a robe of green,

The nightingale sings till morning light ;
How glorious is the sun's bright sheen,
Th' golden sunset, what a pleasing sight.

The playful lambs how happy they seem,
 Ah! man alone lives a wretched life,
 For he sighs for wings to soar to the sky,
 Th' caterpillar changes to a butterfly!

Ah! wretched man, master of field and wood,
 The master of fowls, beasts, and fishes;
 To be happy you must do to others good,
 Let noble deeds be your highest wishes.
 You need shelter, raiment, daily food,
 What need is there of more power or riches,
 Fish, beast, bird, and angel—all know this,
 Man should learn from them the source of happiness.

The spring is like a boy, or blooming youth,
 Summer is like man in vigor and prime;
 Beautiful is the boy who is all truth,
 And free from meanness, vanity, and guile.
 Next comes autumn with its golden fruit,—
 Hoary age is the winter of life,—
 And man must pass from the world's great stage,
 The rich, the poor, the wicked, and the sage.

The world's wealth and care are like a dream,
 Poor mortal man is born but to die;
 He is carried on life's rapid stream,
 Wealth, power, and friends he must leave behind.
 The miser is the meanest of the mean,
 In his money bags his soul is confined,
 Ah! he practices avarice to excess,
 He dies, leaves millions, is that happiness?

The happy school-boys carelessly rove,
 O'er the meadows and the silvery brook;

They enjoy the music of the grove,
 They learn wisdom from dame nature's book.
 Nature's treasure is an ample store,
 For to find it man must think and work,
 Boy, enjoy happiness while you can,
 You'll not be happy when you're a man !

How sweet to roam o'er mountain, wood, and vale,
 The lowing herds without care do feed ;
 Sweet perfumes are wafted on the gale,
 And all nature with new life doth teem,
 And fishes are happy in the stream,
 They are content with nature's grand plan,
 Fish, bird, and beast are happier than man !

How lovely to climb on the mountain side,
 And view the valleys and the towns below ;
 Pleasant to sail on the silvery tide,
 On a lake or where the billows flow.
 Nature is grand and the world is wide,
 Unhappy man oft doth sigh and moan,
 For his spirit with grief and care is fraught,
 It wants to roam in space free as thought.

THE INDIANS AND THEIR DOOM.

O, HEAVENLY muse my pen inspire,
 Aid me with wisdom and poetic fire :
 That I may in my adventurous song,
 Sing of the Indians and their wrongs.

Some hold as true—others an idea,
 That the Indians first came from Judea,—
 The lost tribe of Israel wandered o'er and o'er,

On this continent they found a happy home ;
 Some say th' Indians, in their barks so frail,
 From isle to isle on the western gale,
 Left China and India's sunny strand,
 And drifted to Columbia's happy land ;
 Perhaps the Indians, on their skates and like device,
 Reached our shores on the northern ice.
 Some great men have a fantastic notion,
 That America late sprung from the ocean—
 That God then changed his divine plan,
 And made the Indian or Red-man !
 That nature then improved her mould,
 And brought Red-men into the human fold !

Free and content the Indians did bask,
 Under the orange, lime, and calabash ;
 In the Hesperian isles—in the Caribees,
 In groves of myrtle—under cinnamon trees.
 They had fruits of gold—fish from sea and stream,
 Dates, tobacco, and bananas green.
 Nature was bounteous—they could rejoice,
 In abundance of sugar, maize, and rice.
 Flowers and blossoms wafted on the breeze,
 And the sweetest perfumes from fruits and trees.
 How glorious is the sun's golden sheen,—
 Where spring and winter wear a robe of green.
 And sweet singing birds in the woods and grove
 Sing to their sweethearts their sweet lays of love.
 The Indians in their canoes did glide,
 From bay to bay and from isle to isle ;
 Free from care and Mammon's sordid vice,
 They were happy in their Paradise !
 How sweet to dwell in summer bowers,
 Under the tulip—midst jasmine flowers ;

Or the magnolia stately and grand,
 Which made the country a fairy land !
 And midst honeysuckles, in sunny dells,
 On beds of sweet roses in peace to dwell ;
 Remote from Mammon's care and th' world's strife,
 Ambition, fashion, folly, and pride !
 To hunt at pleasure in isles ever green,
 And to catch the trout in the sunny stream.
 How pleasant to bathe in the sunny bay,
 Where dolphins gambol and mermaids play.
 Thus, lived the Indians from their birth,
 Oh ! had they not a paradise on earth !
 The Indian's happiness did not last,
 It yielded to Mammon's iron grasp !
 When Spaniards landed on their free shore,
 In search of plunder and the golden ore,—
 They doomed th' Indians to slavery and toil ;
 Who perish by thousands in the gloomy mine.
 Spaniards preached th' gospel of salvation,—
 They were the Indians exterminator !
 The Spanish marauders, cruel and proud,
 Drove th' Indians from their hunting ground.
 The fierce invaders the Indians did wreck,
 And war and famine followed in their track.
 The Cortez the Mexicans did enslave,
 And their nobles he burnt at the stake.
 Mexico was the scene of slaughter,
 Where thousands perished with th' sword and halter,
 Rich and poor, the humble and the great,
 With Guatimosin, th' halter was their fate.
 Spanish exploits fill mind with wonder,
 But their object was gold and plunder.

Pizarro, Almagro—a lawless crew,
 For gold and slaughter visited Peru.

Ambition, plunder, conquest, and gain,
 And war and famine followed in their train.
 Pizarro practiced a treacherous part,
 Fear nor pity nev'r touched his heart!
 The Peruvian Inca met a sad fate,
 Without a crime he perished at th' stake.
 Then the Spaniard's all-prevailing vice,
 Was to get land and plunder at any price!
 Indians were made slaves—sad calamity,
 By Spanish greed and inhumanity.

Woe to the world, it is now accursed,
 With the white man's love for the yellow dust;
 For this toy, bauble, dross, and shiny ore,
 Man delves in the mines and braves the ocean's roar.
 To acquire this dust, such is man's fierce rage,
 That from God and man himself he doth estrange.
 With plagues, famine, war, and toil without end,
 For this ore he fiercely doth contend.
 Father, mother, brothers—the family fold,
 The miser barterers for accursed gold!
 In this world, what is the greatest vice?
 The greatest of all passions, avarice!
 All other passions chill with time and age,
 The love of gold is more, and more a rage.
 In nature's economy and th' divine plan,
 The Indian surely was the wisest man;
 His wampum, paint, feathers, gold, and shells
 He valued just as a child does bells.
 Gold he valued for drinking cups—not pelf,
 Just as we value our China delf.
 He lived a life of pleasure and ease,
 For health-giving work was to him the chase.
 Nature for him had spent her bounteous store,
 Milk, honey, and the fruits of ev'ry zone.

For he could roam free from clime to clime,
Where grew the apple, peach, orange, and lime.
Meat and vegetables made his dish,
Seas, lakes, and rivers gave him fish.
Nature's laws he always held in view,
He was happy for his wants were few.
To build great mansions, he did not toil,
He had his tent—his clothing was not fine.
His pride of dress his neighbor did not shame,
For his dress was trophies of the chase ;
The fox, the wolf, th' buffalo and hind,
Gave him a coat against the snow and wind ;
With beef and venison he was fed,
And robes and mats made his house and bed.
At the camp-fire, truth and faith were found,
And sport and laughter went th' circle round ;
And the young braves with maidens did advance,
With pomp of war in the maze of dance.
And as they danced with their maidens fair,
Their steps showed they felt free as air.
Like the bird, there was freedom in their song,
They paid no tribute—they brooked no wrong.
Exempt from taxes, and like vexation,
Each tribe was an independent nation.
And when the enemy assail'd their right,
He was their Chief who was bravest in th' fight.
Ere the white man's firewater—disease—
The Indians healed with roots and leaves.
Both in peace and war, was he not blest,
Exempt from rumshops and the medicine chest.
Each tribe was a pure democracy,
With liberty, fraternity, equality.
Their laws and treaties all understood,
For they were plain truths, for the public good.

And from Labrador to Mexico,
 Their laws were made *pro bono publico*.
 Mexico had its civilization,
 An emperor, nobles, and taxation !
 Mexico would rival La great nation, -
 In agriculture, arts—civilization ;
 And in time it would rival Greece and Rome
 In fabrics of brass, silver, wood, and stone.
 Few nations Mexico could surpass,
 In silverware, gold, and even brass.
 Her cotton fabrics, rich and gaudy plumes,
 Rich embroidery and sweet perfumes ;
 Curious shells showed the artist's skill,—
 And that the Red-man had genius and a will.
 And her stately mansions and temples grand,
 Made Mexico look like enchanted land.
 Peru had gold—ornaments for pleasure,
 Which the Spaniards seized as their treasure.

Peru and Mexico were great nations,
 When they were cursed by the invader !
 Peru had rich mines—gold and silver wares,
 And golden images in her shrines and fanes.—
 They worshiped the Great Spirit—unknown One,
 And as an emblem, they worshiped the sun !
 Nature's works th' Indians beheld with wonder,
 They heard God's voice in the clouds like thunder.
 At golden sunset on the western breeze,
 The Indians heard God's voice in the trees ;
 They heard God's voice in the clouds of heaven,
 Saying, man, to thee the land is given.
 Seas, lakes, and rivers where fish abound,
 Prairie and forest for a hunting ground.
 This inheritance you will long retain,
 Be brave and free, your rights you must maintain.

Mexicans were then an enlightened nation,
 They'd impart to remote tribes civilization.
 With picture-writing their thoughts they made known,
 Grand were their mansions of marble and stone.
 They had sepulchers, tumuli, or mound,
 And with skill, the farmers tilled the ground.
 They had religion, government—of course,
 And laws were meted as in our courts.
 Their lofty pyramids—piles stupendous,
 Edifices and ruins were tremendous.
 Causeways, bridges, palaces most grand.
 Canals, aqueducts sham'd other lands.
 And their fine clothing and public marts
 Showed their skill in science and arts.
 Their public records were simple and brief,
 And their historians were bards and priests.
 The Incas, descendants of Manco Capac,
 Were civilized ere they saw Pizarro.

The Indians' Sachems were both wise and brave,
 In council they were eloquent and grave.
 The council resolved on peace and war,
 And tri'd offenders, 'gainst the nation's laws.
 In council, the Sachems did preside,
 Ov'r martial warriors, true and tried.
 Their trials were impartial and brief,
 Their verdict death to every thief.
 They held no wretch in a dungeon's gloom,
 For instant death was the traitor's doom.
 In council, the Indians spoke with dignity,
 They took no bribes—they knew no monopoly.
 The starry canopy, was their capital's dome,
 They feared not the rich—they had no poor.
 The stately elm and the sturdy oak,
 Sheltered the orator as he spoke.

His language was courteous, free, and bold,
With the ring of silver, brass, and gold.
He was earnest, for he believed the right,
To maintain it he was foremost in th' fight.
The Indians had faith in tomahawk and bow,
Sachem, medicine-man, priest or pow-vow.
Black-eyed beauties sang and danc'd together,
Warrior's plumes shook like a dancing feather.
And while they danced with maidens fair,
On their shoulders flow'd their raven hair ;
The warriors were tall, straight, and grand,
They were active with the bow and brand ;
Oft in war, to stratagem they did resort,
Leaping and dancing was a favorite sport.
Their daily sport was shooting at a mark,
The fleetest runner was a man of rank.
There was spirit in their dance and song,—
Woe to the victim who did them wrong.
Their ancestors' deeds by their sons were sung,
Which showed how battles were lost and won.
And noble deeds both in war and foray,
Inspired their sons to fight for glory.
Though they had no history to peruse,
Their bard's tradition did their hearts enthuse.
And though to friends they were ever kind,
A great wrong never slipped their mind.
The Indians loved the chase and gaming,
And like the whites, they loved horse racing.
The Indians breathed free air at their birth,
And th' continent was their paradise on earth.
And their Sachems were men of merit,
Who knew no Lord but the Great Spirit.
Free they roam'd th' forest o'er and o'er,
Until th' white men landed on their shore !

The Indians, as friends, the white man did greet,
 From the Penobscots to the southern creeks ;
 From the Powhattan's Atlantic shore,
 To where th' Natchez and Dakotas roam ;
 From th' Chippewas and Menomonies,
 To the Seminoles and Yamassees ;
 From the Ottawas on the Huron Lake,
 To the Choctaws, in their southern glade.
 The white man met the Indian with a smile,
 While in his heart was treachery and guile.
 Th' noble Red-men, freest of the free,
 Lived by the lakes and th' stormy sea ;
 Alas ! were cursed by the Invader,
 And by that scourge, the Indian trader !
 Manhattan Indians met with woe and grief,
 Their children were slain by the tyrant Kieft.
 And warriors, the bravest of the brave,
 With their children were made the white man's slaves.
 The Puritans, driven from their native clime,
 From the Indians met friendship with a smile.
 Though the Indians knew but nature's creed,
 They succored the Puritans in their need.
 And ere the races met in warlike strife,
 The Red-men kept their treaties with the whites.
 Though the white men met a kind reception,
 As traders, they practiced gross deception,
 In Virginia, the Indians were " good,"
 They furnish'd the famishing whites with food.
 Lo ! the poor Indians, both brave and just,
 Soon found that th' whites they could not trust !
 They saw their children in the slave mart sold,
 For filthy lucre and accursed gold.
 They saw the whites encroach on them by stealth,
 Who took their lands to increase their wealth.

Noble missionaries John Eliot,
 With Fathers Hennepin and Marquette,
 Periled their lives on the ocean wave,
 To spread the gospel the Indians to save.
 Christian missions were a great success,
 Until the cruel whites committed great excess.
 Until th' Indians found white men cruel and bold,
 Who robbed and murder'd for *sordid gold* !
 De Leon traveled o'er hill and mountain,
 In search of gold and the youthful fountain.
 He was the leader of a Spanish band,
 To rob the Indians left their native land.
 The Red-men were no treaty breakers,
 They kept faith with Penn and the Quakers.
 They found the whites greedy, cruel, and proud,
 Who drove them from their homes and hunting ground.
 Under the cloak of friendly reception,
 The whites practiced theft and deception.
 In war the Indians show'd great skill,
 From them Washington learn'd th' skirmish drill.
 Quick were they to advance and retreat,
 From their tactics the British met defeat.
 A century more and th' whites' visitation,
 Would find the Iroquois a great nation !
 Their march to civilization had began,
 Which would outrival China and Japan !
 The white man's model of confederations,
 Was taken from the Confederate five nations.
 This proves that the Indians if left alone,
 Would civilize themselves from pole to pole !
 The Indian's paradise, their hereafter,
 Were blessed isles in the western water.

White man, when you range the forest ground,

Step gently on the graves or tiny mound ;
 Beneath the oak or where the willows weep,
 There many a mother and chieftain sleep.
 And though to dust their bones have crumbled,
 In the forest their graves are unnumbered.
 Where stood the village and thrifty farms,
 Where's th' totem, th' family coat of arms ?
 Buffalo, deer, heron, goose or stork,
 Now, engraved in the warrior's heart.
 And in the western wilds, the mother's song,
 Told young warriors of their fathers' wrongs ;
 How they were driven from their native homes,
 By the Penobscot on the Atlantic slope ;
 Or by Catskill Mountains grand and steep,
 And where the Hudson into the ocean leaps,
 Or the Susquehanna and th' Potomac,
 The Delaware and the Merrimac ;
 Where th' Alleghany leaps from the mountains,—
 (—) And from the Mississippi's falls and fountains ;
 Where the buffalo in thousands did roam,
 By Superior's and Lake Erie's shore ;
 By the Tennessee and the Savannah,
 Niagara Falls and th' falls of Minnehaha ;
 And Arkansas and the River of blood,
 And the wild Missouri's turbid flood.
 She told them that their fathers once were free,
 To roam at pleasure on river, lake, and sea.
 That their fathers in the chase did rejoice,
 That lakes and rivers gave them stores of rice.
 That their fathers were hunted round and round,
 From their father's graves and their hunting ground.
 Alas! their famishing children cry for bread,
 Soon they won't have a place to lay their head.
 For they are hunted like the beast of prey,

And westward they must take their weary way.
 God of Nature ! is there no peaceful spot
 On this globe beyond the white man's grasp ?
 Is there no land or enchanted shore,
 Where the Indians in freedom may roam,
 Some blessed isles, forests, mountains, and dell,
 Where nature's nobles in peace may dwell ?
 Oh ! shall the noble braves from earth be driven,
 Is there no land for them under heaven ?
 Th' mother told th' braves how their fathers were fed,
 That pulse and maize gave them wholesome bread.
 How the produce of their thrifty farms,
 Yield'd abundance, 'gainst the winter's storms.
 That fowls and fishes were their food,
 That stores of berries were in the woods ;
 That in the forest the deer did abound,
 And on the plains the buffalo was found.
 That the Indians were happy and content,
 When first the white man entered their tent.
 That at the camp-fire were both mirth and glee,
 And that their dance show'd they were brave and free.
 That aged warriors felt at ease,
 And with pride, smoked the pipe of peace !
 That the whites' object was plunder and gain,
 That war and famine follow'd in their train.
 That in the white men's march from east to west,
 They were a greater curse than th' vilest pest.
 That the whites came to their tent to barter,
 And hordes and hordes soon followed after.
 And that with them came fraud, theft, and vice,
 Disease, firewater, and avarice !
 She said th' nobles of the human race,
 Where stood their homes, now there is no trace.
 That the whites came with thunder, fire, and brand,

And drove the Red-men from their hunting land.
 Over mountains, forests, plains, and woods,
 Beyond the Ohio's muddy flood,
 That the white men, in their fiendish ire,
 Set Indian villages on fire !
 That the white men's thunder did alarm,
 Their happy homes, worse than winter's storm.
 That white robbers, in their murderous rage,
 Ne'er showed mercy to a mother or a babe !
 That God alone can recount their wrongs,—
 What justice has the weak, 'gainst the strong ?
 The whites in all climes, ages, and station,
 Have been the scourge of every nation !
 They know no law but subjugation,
 And the Red-men's extermination !
 They've driven them from their reservations,
 To the Pacific slopes and starvation !
 Exiles from their homes and th' land of their birth,
 They're doom'd to famine, misery, and death.
 She resumed her story from tradition
 Of the Indians' wrongs and condition,
 And of women and children's sad plight,
 In the dismal swamp in the winter's night ;
 Exposed to rain, wind, storm, snow, and sleet,
 In their dreary home, fortress, and retreat.

Sad, indeed, was the mother's distress,
 Her famishing babe nestled on her breast.
 That women and children true and bold,
 Died of hunger and the winter's cold !
 Indians were hunted from their hiding places,
 For they found no mercy from the pale faces !
 They were murder'd and burnt at the stake,
 Killed like the wolf, and th' rattlesnake.

And at midnight the loud wind did moan,
 Th' sick and dying in the swamps did groan.
 In their dismal homes, they were not secure,
 To swamps and glens the whites did them pursue.
 The Indians were driven 'yond the lakes and flood,
 Th' whites imbru'd their hands in women's blood!
 And frozen ground show'd marks of bloody feet,
 Where women marched in snow and sleet.
 And while mothers fled the whites' attacks,
 They carri'd their babes on their backs.
 Alas! 'midst rain, wind, and thunder,
 Babes suffered with cold and hunger!

Th' warriors heard th' mothers' sad oration,
 Of war, famine, and extermination.
 They swore by water, fire, bow, and brand,
 To fight or die for their native land.

How can the white men expect salvation,
 While they are th' Indians' exterminator?
 Shall the Indians, Christians, and Pagan,
 Meet the sad doom of the Mohegan?
 With the Indians, th' whites were treaty-breakers,
 Excepting Penn and the honest Quakers.
 Promises to Indians th' whites did not keep,
 An Indian trader is a fraud or thief!
 The white men's watch-word devastation,—
 They drove the Indians from their reservations.—
 They have been driven from place to place,
 And have been kept in a savage state.
 Oft the Indians, in their hurried flight,
 Had no shelter but the starry night.
 The white men ever are trading and scheming,
 To the Indians, they haven't shown fair dealing.

On their reservations, Indians were at peace,
 Their best happiness was contentment and ease.
 For life and home they nobly do contend,
 And with their lives their liberty defend.
 For years, they have braved the battle's shock,
 And their last fortress is the lava rock.
 With the whites no longer can they cope,
 In their last stand on th' Pacific slope.
 Though the Red-men are both brave and true,
 Alas! millions can oppress the few.
 Many wrongs fill the Red-men's hearts with ire,
 When they see their kindred year by year expire.
 And though they are the bravest of the brave,
 Let not the ocean be their home and grave.
 For them there is no expectation,
 But submission or extermination.
 The Indian names will ne'er be obsolete,
 For they will live in mountains, towns, and State.

O, sacred religion, is it Christ's creed
 That the Indians are doomed to bleed?
 He speaks not religion—gospel truth,
 Who says, drive out th' Indians branch and root!
 From their father's homes, where once they were free,
 To roam the continent—lands of the sea.
 Americans, noble, free, and brave,
 Put forth a hand the Red-men to save!
 Christian missionaries, who preach salvation,
 Save the Indians from extermination!
 You, who worship the Crucified on the cross,
 Remember the noble zeal of Las Casas!

If the Indians perish from the land,
 By gross injustice at the white men's hand;

By war, famine, or destitution,
 White men, tremble for God's retribution!!!
 Alas! th' white men's ever grasping greed,
 Is not controlled by any creed;
 The Indians are cornered on reservations,
 The next shove will be their extermination.
 O, merciful heaven! shield the brave.
 Shall the ocean be the Indian's grave?

SPEAK KIND WORDS.

OH! that harsh words should so often fall,
 From human lips, like vinegar and gall.
 Churls rejoice their unkind words to fling;
 Full of poison, like the serpent's sting.
 Ask them for the slightest favor 'neath th' moon,
 Their unkind words betray the churlish boor.
 No matter what may be their class or creed,
 Their churlish words will betray their breed.
 Kind words are manna from the clouds above,
 Which fill the heart with peace, joy, and love.
 Words of love are precious as rubies rare;
 They soothe the heart when sunk in dark despair.
 Harsh words oft wound like the poisoned dart,
 Which leaves death's sting in the sensitive heart.
 The ties of friendship oft are broken,
 By a mere word when harshly spoken.
 There is no power can them back recall,
 Words of anger when from the lips they fall.
 He is ill-bred whate'er be his intent,
 Who speaks harsh words of discouragement;
 Who frets and fumes—who's ever in a rage,

And utters words he knows will never please.
 Kind words are heaven's gift to sweeten life,
 To soothe the sick and quell domestic strife.
 To an old friend, quote not the swinish plan ;—
 “*Root hog or die*”—th’ “true dignity of man.”
 Speak kindly, be cheerful—smiling—laughing,
 For a kind word costs the giver nothing.
 Suppress temper, anger, and fault-finding,
 For pleasing manners are more inviting !
 When a bard requests a small favor,
 Th’ churl answers, “teach school, drive team”—labor.
 The poet frowns upon such classes,
 The animals he drives are mules and asses !
 Beware of poets, license to them is given,
 To write at will when inspir’d by heaven !
 The dunce who feigns to spurn noble fame,
 The poet lashes his sins and shame.
 And of snobs, in verse he doth indite,—
 The acts of misers, frauds, and th’ hypocrite !
 The selfish man, none can well defend,
 Who show’d no favor to foe or friend !
 He laid up gold—he was mammon’s slave,
 Dead and forgott’n he fills the miser’s grave !
 The usurer none will NOW lament,
 Who ground the poor to make *cent per cent* !
 And he who keeps not his word, when he can,
 Is neither a Christian nor a gentleman !
 Ah ! the poet scorns the purse-proud elf,
 Proud of wealth he ne’er could make himself.

The purse-proud snob will find when late,
 When he arrives at heaven’s gate ;
 That good Saint Peter with a club,
 Will hurl him back to Beelzebub !!

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

WE are told in Christ's holy creed,
 For to help others Christ did bleed ;
 His life he gave—O, salvation !
 To save others from damnation ;
 Himself the victim for his brother,
 He offer'd at his last supper.
 And the essence of his creed,
 Is, help a brother in his need ;
 In his needful situation,
 If you expect salvation !
 Christ did not say, " Brother, brother,
 Help yourselves "—*but one another !*
 If we read the Pentateuch,
 And Matthew, Mark, John, and Luke,
 There we will find the truth, the text,
 Christ died for man, *not for a sect.*
 A brother's fault don't too much scan,
 Help one another, when you can.
 A brother's faults must be forgiven,
 Ere we get a seat in heaven.
 It's God's command—just and true,
 Do as you'd have others do.
 Good Christians, always condescend
 To do a favor for a friend,
 Though it be some inconvenience,
 The future leave to Providence.
 Christ liv'd a life of rectitude,
 Going about doing good !
 He whose aim is to pile up pelf,
 Lives not for Christ, but for himself !
 You can't do it—it's all gammon,

You can't serve both God and Mammon.
 O, selfish man, you will yet find,
 All of earth you must leave behind.
 You will find when too late,
 When you arrive at heaven's gate ;
 Before Christ's face you will shudder,
 If on earth you didn't help a brother !
 The golden rule has ever ran,
 Help a brother when you can.
 Man may be without moral taint,
 Even righteous, but not a saint.
 Saints do feel another's sorrow,
 And Christ's life they try to follow.

OUR BANNER OF GREEN.

AIR.—CRUISKEEN LAWN.

FLING our banner to the breeze,
 Let it wave o'er land and sea,
 Unfurl the green banner to the wind.
 Then rally to the fight,
 We'll battle for the right,
 Let the cowards remain behind, behind, behind ;
 Let the cowards remain behind.

With our green flag on the gale,
 Our freedom we will proclaim ;
 And tyrants we will hurl from the throne.
 No more will we be thralls,
 We will burst the prison walls,

And our green flag shall wave from shore to shore,
 shore, shore ;

And our green flag shall wave from shore to shore.

On the mast-head high,

Let our green flag fly ;

Its green folds to the breeze we'll unfurl.

And from sea to sea,

'Neath our flag of green,

From Erin the vile foe we will hurl, hurl, hurl ;

From Erin the vile foe we will hurl.

Plant our banner on the wall,

And whatever may befall,

We'll maintain the green banner with our gore.

And on the mountain side,

We'll conquer or we'll die,

Then let the green banner for ever soar, soar, soar ;

Then let our green banner for ever soar.

And in the battle's shock,

We'll be firm as a rock,

We will triumph o'er England's vile power.

And our flag of green,

In the summer sheen,

We will plant on every hill and tower, tower, tower ;

We will plant on every hill and tower.

With sweet music in the air,

We will banish all despair,

And our hearts this music will entrance.

And at our country's call,

We'll rally one and all,

Then in freedom's cause we will advance, vance, vance ;

Then in freedom's cause we will advance.

THE FARMER BOY.

AIR.—MAID OF SWEET GURTEEN.

OH, boys, don't seek for pleasure,
 And for mirth and sinful joy ;
 And for to gain great treasure,
 To the city do not hie.
 Stay on your farm and be content.
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

The city is beset with snares,
 The innocent to decoy ;
 The rich are oppress'd with cares,
 But their wealth they don't enjoy.
 Stay on your farm and be content,
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

Oh! boys, to the wars do not go,
 Fame and fortune for to try ;
 In battle thousands are laid low,
 And in their gore they lie.
 Stay on your farm and be content,
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

Life's journey is very hard,
 When we are poor and alone ;
 The world is both cold and sad,
 When we have no friends or home.

Stay on your farm and be content,
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

Don't tempt the deep, th' stormy deep,
 Where the billows loudly roar ;
 Thousands in its caves do sleep,
 Who never more will roam.

Stay on your farm and be content,
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

My boys, shun evil company,
 And the gambler's dark devise ;
 Keep from saloons and whiskey,
 For they lead to want and vice.
 Stay on your farm and be content,
 And health you will enjoy ;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer boy.

SWEET MARY ANN.

SWEET Mary Ann, the fields were green,
 And sparkling were the rills ;
 And lovely was the Summer sheen,
 On mountain, vale, and hills.
 Though far from thee by land and sea,
 In distant lands to roam ;

My heart with fondness clings to thee,
 Sweet Mary Ann ! my own !
 My heart with fondness clings to thee,
 Sweet Mary Ann ! my own !

Full many years since you and I
 Roamed through the fields with glee,
 Our thoughts were full of hope and joy,
 We were both young and free.
 How fair, how dear those days to me,
 My dreams were then of love ;
 At night's dark hours I dream of thee,
 Sweet Mary Ann ! my love !
 At night's dark hours I dream of thee,
 Sweet Mary Ann ! my love !

ELLEN DEAR.

WHEN you and I were young,
 Ellen dear,
 How joyously we sung.
 Ellen dear.
 Our spirits light did flow,
 With love our hearts did glow,
 We knew no grief or woe,
 Ellen dear.

Among the Summer flowers,
 Ellen dear,
 We spent many happy hours,
 Ellen dear.

Your sweet angelic smile,
 My heart did then beguile,
 For you I'd ever toil,
 Ellen dear.

You were modest and fair,
 Ellen dear,
 None with you could compare,
 Ellen dear.

Loving was your greet,
 Whenever we did meet,
 On wings time was fleet,
 Ellen dear.

At night when I'm awake,
 Ellen dear,
 With grief my heart doth ache,
 Ellen dear.
 In silence and alone,
 I sigh and bemoan,
 For you my heart is sore,
 Ellen dear.

When that farewell I did take,
 Ellen dear,
 Oh ! I thought my heart would break,
 Ellen dear.
 In silence and in gloom,
 I'll cherish love for you,
 Till my heart sleeps in th' tomb,
 Ellen dear !

ALICE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

My heart feels sad and dreary,
 When I think of a beauty rare ;
 One I loved sincerely,
 Sweet Alice with the golden hair.

She was joyous, young and handsome,
 She was like an angel fair ;
 I loved to gaze upon her,
 Sweet Alice with the golden hair.

Her smile was so entrancing,
 For she knew no grief or pain ;
 Her beauty was enchanting,
 Sweet Alice with the golden hair.

She was precious as the pearl,
 And the lily of the vale ;
 What a sweet and lovely girl,—
 Was Alice with the golden hair.

BEAUTIFUL MARY, O!

It was in summer, when the flowers grow,
 I heard sweet music in the vale below ;
 With enchantment my spirits light did flow,
 When I espied sweet beautiful Mary, O!

O, like a goddess that fair maid did sing,
 I thought from heav'n the angels she would bring ;
 Her voice melodious set my heart aglow,
 Like an angel was beautiful Mary, O!

That sweet maiden was like Venus fair,
 On her shoulders flow'd her raven hair ;
 Her bright eyes were darker than the sloe,
 What a darling was beautiful Mary, O !

Her brilliant eyes were like the stars at night,
 She had ruby lips and teeth like pearl bright ;
 And her skin was whiter than the snow,
 Like a dove was beautiful Mary, O !

Oh, had Petrarch seen that beauty bright,
 To Laura sonnets he would not write ;
 Leonora would not insult Tasso,
 Had he beheld sweet beautiful Mary, O !

TO MAGGIE.

MAGGIE fair with the silken hair,
 Her beauty is entrancing, O !
 She beguiles my heart from care,
 Her love is so enchanting, O !

Like the dove's is Maggie's love,
 Her heart is pure and constant, O !
 She's like an angel from above,
 Or Venus the bright planet, O !

Maggie is too pure a dove,
 For human contemplation, O !
 She'll live among the stars above,
 A heavenly constellation, O !

PARNELL AND REPEAL.

ARISE from your slumbers, you sons of the Gael,
And sing the bold anthem Parnell and Repeal !
Uufurl the green banner in the summer sheen,
Till it waves o'er our parliament in College Green !

To banish the landlords it is our intent,
Too long we have paid them the "immoral rent ;"
We'll pay no more rent, it is cursed black-mail,
We will pay it in iron says Grainne Maol !

Sound the loud timbrel, in heaven it is wrote,
"The people are free and each man has a vote ;"
And to the good Lord the bold anthem we'll sing,
Long, long live the people and death to the king !

Down, down with the bastiles and the dungeon bars,—
Sound the loud timbrel and the trumpet of war ;
Till the nations will welcome young Ireland the free,
And till the green banner waves o'er mountain and sea !

Around the green flag we'll rally by the million,
All hail ! to the chieftains Davitt and Dillon ;
We'll banish the landlords as Brian did the Danes !
Up, up with the slogan, Parnell and Repeal !

Hurrah ! for old Ireland, land-leaguers and all,
Confusion to Gladstone, the Tories must fall !
Before O'Connor and Healy the landlords will quail,
Let this be our watchword, Parnell and Repeal !

No longer we'll quail before the tyrant's dark frown,
We will sever the Union with England's vile crown ;
Let the Tories, Gladstone, and the landlords now quake,
We'll sing the bold anthem, Parnell and Repeal !

Death, death to all traitors and tyrants accurst,
 You sons of the Gael, your fetters you will burst
 On the green hills of Erin our banner will wave,
 We'll have freedom or death for the grave has no slave !

WHEN I BECAME A POET.

Ан ! merry time and happy life, (—)

I became a wooer ;
 And for a wife both day and night,
 I was a true lover.
 By powers of love I was drove,
 To Helicon's fountain ;
 Oft did I rove o'er fields and grove,
 And Parnassus' mountain.

Contention, ire, inspir'd satire,—
 My muse sung of jobbers ;
 And her arrows flew at the crew,
 Of vile public robbers.
 Of corrupt rings did she sing,
 Thievish corporations ;
 And queens and kings did she sting,
 Who oppressed the nations !

For love and fame, and a name,
 I invok'd the muses ;
 Political knaves were my game,
 And their vile abuses.
 Freedom's cause and nature's laws,
 Love and expectation ;
 Like fiery darts inflamed my heart,
 Wi' poetic inspiration.

Powers of rhyme are divine,
 The bards precious treasure ;
 When verse and rhyme are sublime,
 They give th' world pleasure.
 Lordly powers, halls and towers,
 Are not my admiration ;
 But happy hours among flowers,
 And the poet's occupation.

Soon or late the rich and great,
 Their treasures leave behind 'em ;
 And an other race take their place,—
 (Oft thankless heirs find them.)
 With happy looks on tree and bush,
 Sing the blackbird and linnet ;
 With verse and song I jog along,—
 Happiness is contentment.

YOU ARE GONE TO THE WARS MY WILLIE.

You are gone to the wars my dear Willie.
 You have left your native shore ;
 You are gone to the wars my dear Willie,
 Across the wide ocean's roar.

You swore to love me dear Willie,
 And unto me to be true ;
 You swore to love me dear Willie,
 Do not forget your vow !

We joined our hearts together Willie,
 When you swore you would be mine ;
 We joined our hearts together Willie,
 When the roses were in prime.

I will pray for you my dear Willie,
 You're a noble son of Mars ;
 I will pray for you my dear Willie,
 A safe return from the wars.

TO MAGGIE:

MAGGIE is like an angel bright,
 Or Venus on a summer night ;
 She outshines the morning star,
 And Aurora in his bright car ;
 Her skin is whiter than the snow,
 Or the lily in summer glow ;
 Her cheeks are of the peaches hue,
 Or the rose in the morning dew ;
 Her lips are like rubies rare,
 In ringlets flow her golden hair ;
 Her teeth are like the pearl white ;
 Her eyes are like the stars at night ;
 Her mind is gentle and serene ;
 She is nature's lovely queen.
 Her song is like the nightingale's,
 Or th' sweet music of the spheres.

She is bright as the sun's light,
 Her lips are like the rubies rare ;
 Her skin is like the lily white,
 Like a queen is Maggie fair.
 May God keep you from pain,
 Alas ! I must leave you ;
 O, may we meet again,
 Happy for to see you.

MY OWN DEAR LOVELY MARY.

FRAGRANT were the flowers of spring,
 And sweetly the birds did sing ;
 The woods with music loud did ring,
 When I courted lovely Mary.

Her eyes were like the stars at night,
 She looked so girlish and so bright ;
 She filled my heart with dear delight,
 My own dear lovely Mary.

I courted her both night and day,
 I thought an hour a minute's stay ;
 She looked so lovely and so gay,
 My own dear lovely Mary.

Oft I clasped her to my breast,
 Her ruby lips I fondly prest,
 Until my heart and soul were blest,
 While embracing lovely Mary.

I have traveled far and wide,
 I have crossed the briny tide ;
 Now at home I will reside
 With my dear lovely Mary.

TO A FRIEND

THE rose is red, the lily's fair,
And rubies are both rich and rare ;
Gold is the miser's pleasure,
Beauty is the lover's treasure.

The saint seeks heaven above,
Happiness is peace and love !
Let us forgive the faults of others,
And have mercy on our brothers.

Right and truth we should defend,
And our lives we should amend ;
The Lord keep us from grief and woe,
And mercy show to friend and foe.

TO ANNIE.

How lovely is a spring day !
Fields are green and flowers gay !
The birds to their sweethearts sing,
Woods and groves with music ring.
How lovely is the summer sheen,
When nature wears a robe of green ;
Precious are gold and pearl,
You're more precious my dear girl.
Sweet the rose dipped in dew,
But more sweet my love are you.

THE HAPPY BIRDS.

THE happy birds sing all day long,
 There is no sorrow in their song ;
 They know no grief, they shed no tear,
 There is no winter in their year.
 How happy is a bird's life,
 Free from care and the world's strife ;
 And from mammon's sordid passion,
 Envy and the curse of fashion.
 To their sweethearts they do sing ;
 Through the air their flight they wing ;
 They migrate from shore to shore,
 And live on nature's bounteous store.
 Birds are exempt from plagues and wars,
 Domestic strife—family jars !
 Loving are birds of the same feather ;
 Joyously they sing together.
 Birds enjoy recreation,
 Time for love and contemplation ;
 Man is doomed to fret and toil,
 Birds rejoice in their heavenly choir.
 The lark, in his nest in the lawn,
 Shakes off the dew at early dawn.
 He soars 'yond the clouds so high,
 And sings with seraphs in the sky.
 Lovely the music of the vale,
 With sweet songs of the nightingale.
 O, how my poor soul would rejoice,
 Had I wings like birds of paradise !
 I would sail on the liquid air,
 And fly for pleasure everywhere,

O'er isles and seas, from clime to clime,
 And from polar seas to the line.
 Had I th' wings of seraph or dove,
 I would fly to the realms above.
 And leave this world and all its woe,
 To selfish man and all below !

MY LOVELY DARLING.

FLOWERS fair in the month of May,
 Please each beholder ;
 And the words that beauty say,
 Charm each true lover.

Sweet are birds' songs the day long,
 Larks sing in the morning ;
 Sweeter through the world to gang,
 With my lovely darling.

THE SUPREME COURT.

SUPREME judges, with a big frown,—
 Wanted a wig and a black gown.
 They were the bondholders' vile tools,
 If they were not knaves they were fools !
 They cared not for legal lore ;
 They soiled th' ermine that they wore !
 The people they treated with supreme scorn,
 They held th' State liable ere it was born !
 Dogberry the court surpasses,
 They have written themselves asses !

Before the war Cotton was king,
 But now, alas ! the railroad ring.
 The people will curse the vile pack,
 Who put the bonds upon their backs !

THE FRIEND I LEFT BEHIND ME.

WHILE journeying through this vale of tears,
 Sad memory oft remind us ;
 Of pleasures of bygone years,
 And th' friend we have left behind us.

The dearest friends, alas ! must part,
 And loving hearts must sever ;
 I'll ne'er forget you till the last,
 Believe me, never, never.

TO ANNIE.

I HAVE roamed o'er the world wide,
 Strange faces I have seen many ;
 And you, dear maid, both fair and kind,
 I shall ne'er forget you, Annie.

Oft I think of friendship past,
 And of those who lov'd to greet me ;
 Like a dream, they did not last,
 But their shadows now do meet me.

I've seen you grow like a flower,
 A pure lily of the valley ;
 And until my dying hour,
 Shall I forget you Annie.

FORGET ME NOT.

PLEASANTER the time is fleeting,
 When dearest friends are meeting ;
 Alas ! the sadness of the mind,
 When loving friends we leave behind ;
 For to mingle with the stranger,
 Braving fortune, toil, and danger ;
 But whatever may be our lot,
 My dearest friend, forget me not.

THE GRACCHI AND AGRARIAN LAW.

THE patricians—th' privileged classes,
 In Rome usurped the rights of the masses ;
 And wealth, power, office, and dignity ;—
 And of the land they held a monopoly.
 The plebeians, valiant, great, and strong,
 For years, and years did endure this wrong.
 To redress this wrong and sad condition,
 The people resorted to secession ;
 Or separation to better their condition,
 Politicians called it treason and sedition.
 Between rich and poor was great agitation,
 For popular rights and laws agrarian.
 A great change was made in Rome's constitution,
 By laws agrarian—th' land's distribution.
 The Roman commonwealth was grand and great,
 While all the lands were owned by the State ;
 And all who held land for use and tillage,
 Paid to the State a small tax or tribute.
 The agrarian law was a limitation,

On land monopoly and usurpation.
 Tho' great conquests were won by the masses,
 The land was monopoliz'd by th' rich classes.
 The rich opposed agrarian law with strife,
 Th' law gave the people land, share and share alike.
 Land for the people, was th' Gracchi's ambition,
 For this they were slain by th' Senate's sedition.
 For around the rich their clients then did throng,
 The people's rights were trampled by the strong.
 Liberty was o'erthrown by the aristocracy,
 Then followed despotism and monarchy !

NOW, MY DARLING, I MUST LEAVE YOU.

As I was going up the street,
 I chanc'd to meet my true lover ;
 She look'd handsome, mild, and neat,
 I put my hand upon her shoulder.
 Toora, loora loora loo,
 Toora, loora loora lido,
 Toora, loora loora loo,
 Now, my darling, I must leave you.

She was like the queen of May,
 And the rose in summer weather ;
 She look'd so lovely and gay,
 As we walked the streets together.
 Toora, loora loora loo, etc.

I courted her both night and day,
 For she was my joy and pleasure ;
 Now from her I must go away,
 And leave behind my darling treasure.
 Toora, loora loora loo, etc.

I courted her in winter time,
 And a part of the summer weather ;
 When the roses were in prime,
 We skipped o'er the blooming heather.
 Toora, loora loora loo, etc.

On my long journey through this life,
 Over the world sad and dreary ;
 I'll ne'er forget the happy time,—
 Courting you, my lovely deary.
 Toora, loora loora loo, etc.

CHARMING JANE LOUISA:

It was of a summer morning fair,
 I promenaded lonely ;
 I chanced to meet a comely maid,
 Walking on the Bowery.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam,
 Ri to ra lo ra ledoo,
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam,
 She is charming Jane Louisa.

I said, " Pretty maid, th' day is fair,
 Th' weather is enticing ;
 Pray will you accompany me,
 Down to Staten Island."
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

" Tell me your name my pretty maid,
 If I make not too much freedom ;"
 She said, " Young man, there is nothing wrong,
 For they call me Jane Louisa."
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

I took her arm, she stepped with ease,
 Her manner was so engaging ;
 I knew by th' dress of that comely maid,
 She was a Bowery mantua-maker.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

I treated her to apples,
 Candy, and to peaches ;
 Soda water, ginger pop,
 Ice cream, and oysters.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

We promenaded down Broadway,
 Her words were so pleasant ;
 Time I thought flew rather fast,
 As we got to Staten ferry.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

I paid our fare—we took seats,
 Among the gayest of society ;
 A jolly time Jane and I had,
 Ere we got to Staten Island.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

We'd a pleasant walk in th' shady groves,
 In the silvan vales and bowers ;
 But no lady there was half so fair,
 As this lovely girl from th' Bowery.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

She said, " Young man, you're quite gay,—
 Your manner so enticing ;
 By your leave I would like to go,
 Down to Coney Island."
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

We had a pleasant sail down the bay,
 And around that lovely island ;

I had tickets for our passage back,
 But not one cent in my pocket.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

When we arrived at the Battery,
 Jane wanted some peaches ;
 "My love, I've lost my pocket-book,
 As likewise my money."
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

There she met another gent,
 I own she looked quite charming ;
 She bowed and said, "Young gentleman,
 I must go into Castle Garden."
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

With a heavy heart I walk'd up Broadway,
 'Till I came to Barnum's Museum ;
 I lamented for my pocket-book,
 And sighed for you, Jane Louisa.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

Whenever more I take a walk,
 To view that rural scenery ;
 I'll take care of my pocket-book,
 And I'll beware of Jane Louisa.
 Ri to ra lo ra lo ra lam, etc.

[At the time, and on the occasion which inspired this song, Castle Garden was then a place of public resort on Sundays, and for holding concerts. Barnum's Museum was then on Broadway, where now stands the New York *Herald* office.

The above song is the author's first poetic effusion. It was composed in 1862, and sung for the boys of Company H, 10th Regt., Minn. Inf. Vols., with great glee, by the author.

The first poem of the author's, which appeared in print, is entitled "Old England Going Down Hill," which was read by the author on Patrick's Day, 1877, and published in the *Le Sueur Sentinel*, April, 1877. Next followed some poems, in the newspapers, in 1877, against the "Minnesota State Railroad Bonds."

In 1878 the author published a poem of four pages, in pamphlet form, entitled "Political Rings," (for free distribution); and the same year, another pamphlet of poems entitled "President Grant and Political Rings." In 1880 he published two editions of a pamphlet of poems and songs, entitled "President Grant and Political Ring," etc.; and in 1881, a pamphlet of poems and songs entitled "The Le Sueur Litany."—P. C.]

KILFINANE, THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

MANY a year of sunshine and sorrow,
 Since from old Ireland, alas ! did I roam ;
 In conflicts of war and the world's sorrow,
 Dear, native Erin, I'll see thee no more.

Oh, my dear Moorestown, I love your highlands,
 For in your bosom I first breathed air ;
 I love your mountains, valleys, and wild lands,
 And your meads and river lovely and fair.

My native parish, I'll ne'er forget it,
 Long may it live to fill the trump of fame ;
 And in dreams your streets oft do I visit,
 Kilfinane, Kilfinane, long live your name.

Moorestown, Moorestown, I bid you adieu,
 In my heart I'll remember you ever ;
 And for aye I'll cherish love for you,
 And your green fields and blooming heather.

Limerick County of great renown,
 And th' city of th' violat'd treaty ;
 The British Empire will soon go down,
 Don't you forget Sarsfield's chivalry !

My sire's house is level with the ground,
 By England's laws and devastation ;
 England's forts will be as Danish mounds,
 Ireland will be a great and glorious nation !

Shannon waters—broad and silvery tide,
 Roll on, thou grand and lordly river ;
 Limerick, I remember you with pride,
 And Sarsfield th' great and glorious victor.

Kilfinane people, now a long farewell,
 (—) And to your mountains and valleys green;
 To your children I hope you yet will tell,
 Who your historian and bard had been.

WHY I DID NOT GET RICH.

How did you begin?
 You look poor and thin.
 If you were wise and smart,
 You would be rich and fat.
 Tell me why and which,
 Why didn't you get rich?—
 Was it a foolish whim?
 Or brandy, rum, and gin?
 Your questions are so, so,
 I answer you no, no.
 I follow'd honor's rules
 And the wisdom of the schools;
 I follow'd saint and sage,
 But not this wicked age;
 For it is the world's plan,
 Grab money when you can!
 You may smile and grin,
 That's how I did begin.
 But when and how to win
 Is quite another thing.
 To hold your hand and deal
 You must both lie and steal.
 That is the why and which
 Why I did not get rich.

HAPPINESS.

A SWEET curly-headed boy,
With heart for love and hope and joy ;
Boyish sports were his pleasure,
Boys' playthings were his treasure.
He chaf'd under paternal rule,
Oh, how he dreaded books and school ;—
“Th' forbidden” to his imagination,
Was mere sport and recreation ;
He was punished for “doings” amiss,
He did not enjoy real happiness.
While climbing the tree of knowledge,
At home, at school, and at college.
Among Eve's daughters—(lovely fair),
Of sweethearts he had his share.
And his fondest hopes ever ran,
That he'd be happy when a man.
'Mong his sweethearts loving fair,
There was one with golden hair.
She had eyes of azure hue ;
Cheeks like roses dipped in dew ;
And her soul was angelic bright ;
Or like *Sol* in morning's light ;
She was gentle as a dove ;
And her heart teemed with love.
To get this beauty for a bride,
Was this youth's ardent hope and pride.
Alas ! how brief is human bliss,
He scarce received the nuptial kiss ;
For ere he saw another day,
His bride slept in death—cold as clay !
Mouldering in dust, lay his treasure,

His greatest joy, hope, and pleasure.
 To keep his soul from despair,
 He mingled in the world's care ;
 From the grape he sought to borrow,
 Comfort for to drown his sorrow ;
 Though he sipped with rich and great,
 His happiness was not complete.
 Then he took to dice and gamble,
 For a change he went to travel.
 He saw many climes and nation,
 Which brought him not real consolation.
 For 'mong the beauties rich and fair,
 He miss'd the one with golden hair.
 He engaged in trade and traffic,
 For a change he got an office.
 My theme is not of gold and gain,
 I love to write a nobler strain.
 Muses scorn the sordid passion,
 Which makes wealth the lead of fashion ;
 They scorn misers—greedy rooks,
 With a funeral in their looks !
 He left his home and peaceful life,
 For the tented field, blood and strife.
 He forsook both gold and gain,
 For honors on th' battle plain ;
 Long had he fought with sons of Mars,—
 He returned with wounds and scars.
 In the wars he fought and bled,
 Alas ! his youth and bloom had fled.
 And he who once was young and gay,
 His curly locks were silver-gray.
 All that's human pass away,
 Like clouds of a summer day ;—
 The friends he lov'd in youthful hours,

Perish'd like the summer flowers !
 And he th' hero of my story,
 Who liv'd for love, fame, and glory ;
 Left the world's dreary gloom,
 For happiness 'yond the tomb.
 His last hope and consolation,
 Was hope in God and salvation.
 Ah ! to grow old ! to die ! and then,
 Lost to the world—unknown of men !—
 O, for that land where none doth mourn,
 And from its shore none ne'er return !—
 To take a journey all alone,
 To the spirit land—distant shore.
 In that land again we'll meet,
 And dear friends with love we'll greet.
 Ah ! there we will find naught amiss.
 Only in heaven is happiness.
 This life's checker'd with grief and woe ;
 There's no real happiness here below.
 Time and tide are fleeting fast,
 Mortals ! grieve not for the past ;
 Both rich and poor, the wise and gay,
 Ah ! like a dream pass away !
 To God and heaven above,
 Where all is joy, peace, and love ;
 O, sinner, sinner, ne'er despair,
 For God's mercy is everywhere.
 Tho' your heart with sorrows riven,
 Th' darkest deeds will be forgiven !
 If we repent with true sorrow—
 Leave not repentance till to-morrow !
 And all happiness here below,
 From virtue and contentment flow.

F A M E .

To gain the world's praise bad men do well,
And fame incites others to excel—
For immortal fame, the world's flattery,
Men brave the waves and storm a battery.
To the love of fame happiness must yield,
Millions perish on the battle-field !
What toil, what misery will not man brave,
For a bust, a tomb, an epitaph, a name !
He will brave the plague and the battle gory,
To live in song and immortal story !
In some men's hearts there is a burning flame,
Which prompts great deeds to gain immortal fame !
Millions venture on fame's stormy way,
Numbers falter, others go astray.
Patriots, who the despot's chain do sever, ,
Will live in fame ever and for ever !
The liberator's tomb of brass or stone,
Is more precious than the monarch's throne.
And in fame's temple to have a niche,
Men write and kill—such is their fond wish.
And he who climbs to the cliffs of fame,
Never dies, for he lives in a name !
Millions perish in battle and in foray,
That some hero may ever live in story.
Th' poet needs no monument, shrine or fane
Of brass or stone to immortalize his name !
A thirst for fame has been the rage,
With th' ambitious in ev'ry clime and age.
Fame is their great concern and creed,
And to gain it they would ever bleed !

PUBLIC OPINION.

LAW, property, and dominion,
Honor, fame, glory—distinction,
Live on praise and public opinion.

SORROW.

SORROW is a vain regret,
For something we can never get ;
Be it happiness or beauty,
Love, friendship, pleasure or money ;
Honor, power, or great fame ;
Or the splendor of a name.
Let us never, never borrow,
Pain for what has no to-morrow.
Yesterday should not make us sad ;
To-morrow we should leave to God.
What we miss oft give us pain,
What seems a loss may be gain
Let contentment be our aim,
Then no sorrow will remain.

THE SOUL.

Ah! the soul immortal is not wind ;
It is not matter—it is not mind ;
It is not blood in the veins streaming,
But something known by inward feeling!

SIT IN THE DRAUGHT.

OPEN the doors and sit in the draught,
 You will catch a beautiful cough ;
 This you will do in winter time,
 You'll have the rheums and the decline !
 Asthma, pleurisy and phthisic,
 Go to the doctor for physic ;
 Swallow drugs until you rave,
 Soon your home will be the grave !

KATIE.

How sweet is a bird's song,
 Beautiful the daisy ;
 Charming as th' day is long,
 Is sweet, lovely Katie, O.

WEBSTER'S PLAN.—TO LAWYERS.

You will succeed before long,
 By following Webster's plan ;
 The complete attorney will win,—
 Hard work and study is the thing.
 What you learn—know it very well,
 If you want others to excel !
 Of the man with one book beware,
 That's standard works read with care.
 With eloquence you expound,

Drink deep—is to be profound.
 To the wrong you should never yield,
 Let justice always be your shield !
 Your subject have at your tongue's end,
 Then your cause you can well defend.
 And your client's cause ne'er yield,
 Always be his sword and shield !

Lawyers must shove and shove,
 They mustn't be dull or slow ;
 There's plenty room above,
 Though crowded down below.

But some great cause be sure to win,
 And gold and honor it will bring ;
 Get a reputation—fame !
 There is magic in a name !!

TO CARRIE.

MEN dive in the dark blue sea,
 For rare and costly pearl ;
 What's more beautiful to see
 Than a sweet lovely girl ?
 Pearls are both rich and rare,
 Fetch'd from th' ocean blue ;
 But they are not half so fair,
 My good friend as you !

TO ETTIE.

ETTIE fair,
 With silken hair,
 And angelic beauty ;
 May heav'n's care,
 Your way prepare ;—
 Ever do your duty.

TO CARRIE.

CARRIE fair, your beauty rare,
 Charms each beholder,
 With your ringlets and flowing hair,
 Dangling on your shoulders :
 Your eyes are bright like stars at night,
 Or Phœbus in the morning ;
 Your beauty gives me great delight,
 You're so lovely and charming.

PLEASURE:

THE greatest pleasure in creation,
 Is that of hope and expectation ;
 But th' fondest pleasure when we find it,
 Is not so sweet when we enjoy it!

OLD AGE.

THE infirmities of old age,
Hasten our steps towards th' grave ;
The eve of life is full of gloom !
As we journey towards the tomb !

TO MARTHA.

FATHER time is swiftly fleeting,
In this dull vale of woe ;
And fond hearts that now are greeting,
In the grave will soon lie low.

And hearts that beat with fondness,
With an angel's glow ;
Soon will feel icy sadness,
From sorrow, grief, and woe.

Your friendship is sincere,
Your heart is free from guile ;
Your mind is most serene,
Angelic is your smile.

God may save you from all sorrow,
By the angels good and bright ;
And may you have th' brightest morrow,
Health, wealth, and dear delight.

SHE IS GONE.

ONCE I was dying to get her,
Then I did coax and pet her ;
But something now doth fret her,
Worlds I'd give for to win her.

The kick and spunk was in her,
She is gone, I'm a winner ;
Once you could, but you wouldn't,
Now you would, but you can't !

WEALTH.

AH ! poor man don't fret and fume,
Men of wealth will die as soon ;
For ill gotten wealth ne'er sigh,
For on wings oft doth it fly.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

CITIZENS, we meet from hill and dale,
To celebrate the "Fourth"—freedom's day.
Be this day honored in ev'ry clime,
The nation's birthday, th' Fourth of July !—
At Long Island, disaster was great—
Washington retreat'd thro' th' Jersey State.
Cornwallis pursu'd 'im leisurely along,
With hireling Hessians in his van.
American soldiers won renown,

From Bunker Hill to famed Yorktown.
 Yates' victory o'er Gen'ral Burgoyne,
 Matched Germantown and Brandywine.
 Cornwallis made a fatal mistake—
 At th' Delaware, Washington he'd take ;—
 In the "Jerseys," Washington won renown—
 He defeat'd th' red-coats, at Trenton (—) Princeton.
 Erin's sons, with those of valiant France,
 La Fayette, D'Estaing, and th' Count De Grasse,
 With De Kalb, and Kosciusko the Pole,
 Fought for man—liberty to restore!!
 Columbia's flag holds despots in awe,
 Wafted eight years with the god of war.
 Washington won th' victor's laurel crown—
 Cornwallis surrender'd at Yorktown.
 July the fourth, midst the clash of war,
 Th' patriots met in Independence Hall.
 The doors were open—they feared no spies—
 They had resolv'd for their country to die.
 The patriots, in that solemn hour,
 Sever'd connection with th' British crown,
 Columbia, with a heavenly smile,
 Said, flee oppression, sons of ev'ry clime.
 Flee from the tyrants 'yond the briny sea,
 In this Republic, you'll be ever free.
 Tyranny received a deadly sting,
 Th' Declaration o'erthrew th' "divine right of kings."
 Kingcraft and despotism then met their doom.
 Henceforth the people were of right to rule,
 The people bound no more by tyrant's law
 Enjoy freedom (—) equality for all.
 Our starry banner, emblem of th' free,
 Wafts o'er mountain, river, lake, and sea ;
 O'er forest, prairie—from shore to shore,

Where th' Atlantic and Pacific roll—
 O'er farms (—), cities, where commerce sets its sail
 Our banner flaunts in ev'ry breeze and gale.
 If foreign despots our shores invade
 We have millions to grasp gun and blade.
 Until the day of doom (—) that fatal hour,
 Will we submit to the one man power?
 We'll ne'er bow to the rich (—) the favor'd few,
 To our country's freedom we'll be ever true.
 Smite the tyrants with a freeman's hand,
 Whether in this or in foreign land.
 Be this the watchword of our nation,
 Death to tyrants—kings—usurpation.
 Our banner'll wave o'er the brave and free,
 From Panama to the frozen sea.
 No dictator, oh, let the tocsin ring,
 Death to a native or a foreign king!!

ENGLAND GOING DOWN HILL.

In the days of the Edwards and Henries—
 "Cœur de Lion" and the Black Prince—
 In Palestine the Norman knights were victorious ;
 For old England was going up hill.

In the days of Spain's military glory
 To invade Briton, Philip mustered a thousand ships,
 The wind and the waves wrecked his Armada ;
 For old England was going up hill.

Napoleon, the great modern Cæsar,
 Was victor at Marengo and Austerlitz—
 At Waterloo by Wellington he was defeated,
 For old England was going up hill.

When Britannia's ships ruled the ocean,
 She displayed her piratical skill ;
 She stole the Danish fleet from Copenhagen ;
 For old England was going up hill :

(In 1776) * to tax and enslave us,
 Britannia sent over her armies and ships ;
 But Cornwallis by Washington was defeated ;
 For old England was going down hill.

(In 1812) * Britannia in the pride of her boasting,
 Sent her navy to search all our ships ;
 At New Orleans, Packenham by Jackson was defeated,
 For old England was going down hill.

Monitors, science, ironclads, and torpedoes,
 Have baffled her naval skill ;
 Her "wooden walls" no longer rule the ocean,
 For old England is going down hill.

In war and the councils of nations,
 Old England's voice is quite still ;
 For the Russ will take Constantinople ;
 For old England is going down hill.

During this wild war's commotion,
 Hibernia's sons will not be still ;
 They will nobly proclaim Erin a free nation ;
 For old England is going down hill.

IRISH UNITY.

THIS is an oft repeated libel—
 “The Irish only are not united.”
 Who would make this charge—take the trouble
 To read the history of the world.
 You’ll find Adam’s sons have liv’d in strife
 In every age and ev’ry clime—
 Cain the first of begotten males
 Through envy did his brother slay.
 Isaac’s son displayed deception,
 Through artifice he obtain’d th’ “blessing.”—
 Jacob’s sons through malice and envy
 Sold their brother to the Egyptians.
 Apostate disciple—Judas Iscariot,
 For silver, sold his Lord and Master.
 Romulus, of great power and fame,
 In anger, did his brother slay.
 Greek met Greek in fierce and deadly strife;
 Rivals were cruelly ostracized;
 Themistocles, noble, brave, and grand,
 Your unbound’d ambition was thy god.
 O, thou great, brave, and renowned Greek,
 The trophies of Miltiades vex’d thy sleep.
 Roman rivals disturb’d the nation.
 Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar—
 Land of poets, warriors, and sages,
 Your sons invited the invaders—
 Roman civil wars caused great woe
 Until the republic was overthrown!

Rome, the land of liberty and law,
 Was governed by th' Prætorian guard.
 Roman power that nations vanquish'd
 Was overthrown by the Goths and Vandals—
 Military bandits long held kings in awe.
 Janizaries and the Prætorian guard—
 O, Italy, long were thy bloody strifes
 Between the Guelphs and Gibellines—
 O, England, thy feuds were fierce and long
 Between Lancaster and th' house of York.
 For cruel wars and bloody battles
 You read of Cromwell and of Orange—
 England's policy, deceit, and gold
 Kept British kings—tyrants on the throne.
 Beyond the Atlantic now I fly—
 Hesperian world—and freedom's sky—
 Land o' liberty, equality, and law,
 And noble hospitality for all.
 O, Columbia, thou hast caress'd
 The flame of liberty to thy breast,
 Thou pois'dst th' scales of right and law,
 Thou couldn't avert th' curse of civil war.
 Party rage in contention long stood
 Until brother shed a brother's blood.
 We find rivalry in all nations,
 It is the curse of human nature.
 So it is war and strife the world o'er,
 From the equator to the far pole!
 You who've read history and the Bible
 What free people have been united?
 Never, again, repeat th' mean libel,
 "That th' Irish only are not united."

TO THE SCANDAL FIEND.

Your tongue is never still,
 It runs in every season ;—
 For it grinds like a mill,
 Your neighbors' reputation.

Your faults you do not see,
 You may think you are honest ;
 But others think I ween, (—)
 Your tongue stings like a hornet.

You talk of wealth and pride,
 And of your nice high breeding ;
 Your char'cter you can't hide,
 For with folly it's teeming.

Don't let your temper run,
 Lay aside affectation ;
 And bridle your tongue,
 It will save much vexation.

TO A SNOB.

Oh, oh, your heart is a fester,
 Your serpent tongue is a pester,—
 Don't boast of high-born blood and sire,
 Your ancestors sprang from the mire.
 You talk of your birth and blood,
 Your sire at the gallows stood ;
 At that tree he didn't falter,
 He made necks stretch much longer.
 About your class do not rave,

Your sire was a villain slave.
 Don't talk much of your high degree,
 From villains sprang your pedigree.
 Don't sneer at the poor and their rags,
 And of your wealth don't so much brag,
 For you, so proud, once on a time,
 Fed scores of ***** in their prime.
 Don't talk of the low classes,
 For King Saul once drove asses.
 A proud king spoke of the low class,
 Himself was doom'd to feed on grass.
 Now, proud elf, you'd best take heed,
 Scores of ***** on you'll feed.
 You're vain, you think you have merit,
 Th' de'il himself has not your spirit!!

ARTHUR'S CHINESE LASSIE, O.

Oh! powers above and God of love,
 The country is ruled by asses, O ;
 Arthur is fooled, for he is ruled,
 By the pigtail Chinese lassies, O.

He will have a pigtail for a wife,
 Young heathens they'll have many, O ;
 He will live in misery and strife,
 With the pigtail Chinese lassie, O.

He calls her his darling, dear delight,
 Her small pig eyes are enchanting, O ;
 He goes to China every night,
 With his pigtail Chinese lassie, O.

Some love the white, some love the blue,
 Some love the red and sooty, O ;
 But Arthur loves the yellow hue,
 Of his pigtail Chinese beauty, O.

Arthur loves the mongrel race,
 The yellow, tan, and the sooty, O ;
 And he loves the fond embrace,
 Of his sweet Shanghai beauty, O.

He dines on hominy and wild rice,
 He loves the Chinese smokers, O ;
 He loves to kiss his yellow wife,
 And her dirty little jokers, O.

The people with a shout and yell
 All over this Yankee nation, O ;
 Will drive Old Arthur pell and mell,
 And Chinese immigration, O.

LITTLE MAHONE.

Do you hear of the little Mahone,
 Och hone !
 Who lived near Virginia shore ?
 Och hone !
 Oh, he cut up mean pranks,
 With Republican hacks,
 So meanly the little Mahone,
 Och hone !
 So meanly the little Mahone.
 Of offers he had a full score,
 Or more,
 And offices they all had galore,
 In store !

From the President down,
 To the treasury clown,
 All were bidding for little Mahone,
 Och hone!

All were bidding for little Mahone.

But so honest was Mister Mahone,
 'Twas known!

That no one could see him at home,
 Och hone!

Let them laugh or smile,
 He winked for awhile,
 So honest was little Mahone,
 Och hone!

So honest was little Mahone.

Till one Mister Cameron, don't stare!—

How queer,
 It is little for honor they care,
 Down there!

Put his arms round his waist,
 Gave him offices at last,
 Oh, says he, you're my little Mahone,
 My own!

Oh, says he, you're my little Mahone.

Oh, the Senator drew a long sigh,
 My eye!

And he made a bargain on the sly,
 For why!

"But, Cameron," says he,
 "Since you've traded with me,
 You may own your dear little Mahone,
 Och hone!

You may own your dear little Mahone."

CONKLING'S JIG.

Did you hear of Conkling the sprig
 So big!
 They say he can dance a fine jig;
 In the Senate one day,
 He danced with Jim Blaine,
 Till he danced the bees out of his wig,
 So big!
 Till he danced the bees out of his wig.
 The Senate to keep them in tune,
 Full soon,—
 They set-up an old Scotch tune,
 Till Brady the wag,
 With his big mail bag,
 He soon put an end to the tune
 At noon,
 The music then flew round the room!
 Then Conkling the President did shock,
 And mock!
 In the Senate he stood like a rock,
 But Garfield and Blaine,
 The spoils then did share,
 Till Robertson got the big swag,
 The grab!
 Till Robertson got the big swag.
 And Grant to the music for awhile
 Kept time,
 Conkling his office resigned that time,
 And Arthur and MacVeagh
 From the dance went away,
 Then Garfield the offices did share
 That day,
 Then Garfield the offices did share.

ARTHUR IS A FLUNKY.

At old Yorktown, of great renown,
 There was a celebration ;
 There George's crown was trampled down,
 By the Yankee nation.
 Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey

With fife and drum, and sword and gun,
 Marched German and Frenchman ;
 In honor of the battle won,
 By the French and Continentals.
 Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey.

What jubilee from sea to sea,
 Loud music and rejoicing ;
 On that day we became free,
 For the British gave up fighting.
 Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey.

Arthur's address did express,
 The praise of Victoria ;
 The British lion he did caress,
 He is a flunkey Tory.

Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey.

La Fayette's were noble guests,
 Von Steuben and Rochambeau ;
 Left Yorktown in great disgust,
 At Arthur's mean fandango.
 Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey.

Arthur the brag and Tory stag,
 Ordered a salutation
 To the bloody rag, the British flag,
 At Yorktown celebration.
 Arthur is a poor stick,
 He's as stupid as a donkey ;
 He bends the knee to Aunty Vic,
 He is a British flunkey.

PENDLETON SHAM—(CIVIL SERVICE BILL.)

PENDLETON SHAM, has a plan,
 To fill official station ;
 His plan is rife—office for life—
 It is his expectation.

George would sing, "God Save the King,"
 With great exultation ;
 And in strife for office for life,
 He would ruin the nation.

George is rich, he thinks he's "much,"
 He doth despise the people ;
 And before long may he hang,
 As high as Trinity's steeple !

The monarchy men have a ring,
 To o'erthrow the Constitution ;
 They'll feel too late the people's hate,
 Vengeance and retribution.

A DREAM.—A MARCH.

As I lay asleeping on my peaceful bed,
 I dreamt I was marching with the valiant dead ;
 I dreamt I was mounted on a noble steed,
 Marching with O'Nial beneath the Irish green.

CHORUS.

The brave volunteers, the brave volunteers,
 I was marching to battle with the brave volunteers.

I saw the green flag flying o'er mountain, hill, and dale,
 I was marching with Brian to fight the pirate Dane ;
 And on the fields of Clontarf thousands then did bleed,
 And I saw th' Danes flying before the Irish steel.

The brave volunteers, etc.

I was marching to battle with Owen Roe and Tyrone,
 And with Sarsfield at Limerick—at the Treaty Stone ;
 I saw the green flag waving o'er hills and doons,
 I saw the Saxon flying through the "Pass of Plumes."

The brave volunteers, etc.

I dreamt I saw Clare's dragoons mount'd on noble steeds,
 And before their charges the Saxon foe did reel ;

And before the volunteers the British foe did fly,
At Limerick and Thurles—France and Fontenoy.
The brave volunteers, etc.

I saw the brave Clanrickarde with his Connaught clan,
The O'Neils and O'Donnells from the banks of Bann ;
I saw O'Brien's forces from Shannon's verdant shore,
And the brave mountain heroes from famous Galtymore.
The brave volunteers, etc.

And at Enniscortly in famous Ninety-Eight,
I saw the bloody yeoman meet a bloody fate ;
I saw the French flag streaming in Killala Bay,
And th' yeoman like fox-hounds flying in dismay.
The brave volunteers, etc.

I saw the Irish volunteers on a bloody field,
And before their charges the Saxon foe did yield ;
I saw the British flying o'er the Irish sea,
And I heard the shouts of victory, "Ireland is free"!!
By the brave volunteers, etc.

BRIAN BORU'S MARCH.

THE green flag of Erin unfurl to view,
We will march to the battle the Danes to subdue ;—
You sons of Erin, the loyal and true,
Come flock to the standard of brave Brian Boru.

Heroes of Connaught grasp sabre and shield,
Men of Mononia the battle-ax wield ;
And your grand charges the foeman will rue,
When led by the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

The Vikings of Norway, the Swedes and the Dane,
 The green hills of Erin will ne'er see again ;
 They'll fly in their ships o'er the deep ocean blue,
 Before the grand charges of brave Brian Boru.

Stand by the "Sun-burst" you noble and brave,
 Till all the fierce Norsemen lie cold in the grave ;
 We'll conquer or die for liberty's boon,
 All hail ! to the chieftain, the brave Brian Boru.

Down with the tyrants, from shore to shore,
 'Till mountains and valleys are red with their gore ;
 We'll vanquish the Northmen on hill and doon,
 Hurrah ! for the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

The trumpet is sounding from mountain to sea,
 Calling to the combat the brave and the free ;
 We'll stand by our colors, though death be our doom,
 When led by the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

Sons of old Ireland be gallant and true,
 And trail in the dust the English blue ;
 Drive from your country the vile Saxon crew,
 And remember the glories of Brian Boru.

THE BLACKTHORN STICK.

GRAND was the sport at market and fair,
 Crowds upon crowds were sure to be there ;
 And some were merry and some were tight,
 Some kick'd up a dust, a jolly big fight.
 Right and left they were slashing,
 Th' "Peelers'" heads they were smashing ,

Indeed, the sight is quite shocking,
A fight with a blackthorn stick.

Some fought in anger and some fought in fun,
To clear out the fair the work was soon done ;
For at the town of Tipperary,
The "Peelers" were beaten quite fairly ;
With the sprig of shillalah,
The darling blackthorn stick.

Th' Peelers gather'd to put down the fight;
The blackthorn stick soon put them to flight ;
There you'd see th' Peelers a running,
The blackthorn stick they were shunning ;
In troth there is not much fun in
A blow from a blackthorn stick.

The sport then changed in Ninety-Eight,
In the county of Wexford the slaughter was great ;
The pussy landlords got into a fright,
On the blackthorn stick was a big pike,
Then there was fifing and drumming,
Th' soldiers were marching and coming,
But soon they were all a running,
From the pike and the blackthorn stick.

The lads of Erin then changed the fun,
With the blackthorn stick they fought with a gun.
The landlords then were alarming,
But they did not then heed the warning ;
But the sight is most charming,
A gun and a blackthorn stick.

At market and fair there is no more spree,
Th' people of Ireland are bound to be free ;
For now the boys are enrolling,

And science they now are exploring ;
 Dynamite they are importing !
 The darling blackthorn stick.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL the flowers of May,
 And th' rose in Summer weather ;
 And lovely the Summer day,
 When we walked together.

How sweet was then your fragrant smile,
 How lovely was your greeting ;
 For your kind heart was free from guile,
 And pleasant was our meeting.

Now, alas ! we meet no more,
 In this vale of sin and sorrow ;
 May we meet on heaven's shore,
 Where troubles never harrow !

While journeying through this vale of tears,
 When sorrow oft besiege us,
 We see on th' waves of bygone years,
 The image which oft did greet us !

THE ASSISTED EMIGRANT.

ON a bright and sunny day,
 A poor man in his cabin lay,
 Thinking of countries far away,
 On freedom's happy shore.
 He dreamt of the days of his youth,

Days of innocence forsooth,
 The days of love, faith, and truth,
 His heart was sad and sore.

He dreamt of the old fireside,
 Where in youth he did reside,
 Where his sires lived and died,
 In the days of yore.
 A sweetheart did he caress,
 Her lips in fondness did he press,
 His grief was flowing to excess,
 For a wife he'd see no more.

For in the grave did she sleep,
 Where the willow tree doth weep,
 Where her husband knelt in grief,
 In prayer for her soul !
 In his home he lived content,
 On his work his mind was bent,
 For he had to pay high rent,
 Rack-rented he was so.

The landlord came with his brigade,
 Some with shovel and some with spade ;
 And his cot soon did they raze,
 Level with the ground.
 Then was he thrown into the street,
 In the storm and the frost and sleet,
 And his young children with bare feet,
 Were crying with the cold.

Long they lay without a roof,
 'Gainst cold and hunger they weren't proof ;
 Oh ! Lord, protect the helpless poor,
 The poor-house was a their doom .

In that prison the man did pine,
 The once proud tiller of the soil ;
 Who for his home did toil and moil,
 For many a long day.

A man came to him one day,
 And unto him thus did say :
 "Cheer up, be happy and gay,
 You'll have another home.
 For your passage now I'll pay,
 To the land of America ;
 There is work and bread and pay,
 For the tiller of the soil.

I will furnish your outfit,
 In a big, fast, stout steam-ship ;
 And God will send you a safe trip,
 To Columbia's free shore.
 There you can work day by day,
 And some money up you'll lay ;
 Your children's passage I'll pay,
 Out to your new home."

Ask me not who was this man,—
 Don't call it a British plan ;
 To th' emigrant it was no sham,
 His passage sure was paid.
 His heart was flowing with delight,
 Hope was young and the prospect bright,
 He said he'd work with main and might,
 To make another home.

He hop'd to see his children three,
 In happy homes beyond the sea ;
 In the land of liberty,
 And equality !

Oh! then his soul was full of bliss,
 He gave his children th' parting kiss ;
 He hoped that naught would be amiss,
 Till they would meet again.

He left Erin then behind,
 And sail'd with both steam and wind ;
 For the home he was to find,
 'Yond the western sea.
 When he got to New York Bay,
 There he was told he could not stay ;
 "Assisted Emigrants" must away,
 'Yond the ocean's roar.

To him it seemed so strange,
 That men of the Irish race,
 Would be the first to make the change,
 To drive him from a home.
 The Federalists in their day,
 Even the Know-Nothings they say ;
 Emigrants did not send away,
 From freedom's happy shore.

In Forty-Seven and Forty-Eight,
 In Ireland was a famine plague ;
 Americans did not close the gate,
 On Ireland's famishing poor !
 Heed not England's tricks of state,
 For to do good it's never late ;
 Down with the bars, ope the gate,
 To emigrants as of yore.

To Erin's Isle back did he steer,
 He found the sky both bright and clear ;
 But in his heart there was no cheer,
 But the raven of despair.

In the poor-house—that dark retreat,
 His poor children did he greet ;
 But he brought to them no relief,
 But sorrow evermore.

He prayed that death would come soon,
 To the poor-house—that prison gloom ;
 That his soul in the skies might bloom,
 With God for evermore.
 There he ended his sad career,
 When death came he had no fear ;
 For his children he had but a tear,
 His journey now is o'er !

THE DE'IL TOOK JIMMY CAREY.

IN Dublin town of great renown,
 Lived one Jimmy Carey ;
 He was a mean and wily clown,
 And of his life was scarey.

CHORUS.

Ri to ra lo ral lam,
 Ri to ra lo ral laram ;
 Ri to ra lo ral lam,
 The de'il took Jimmy Carey.

Jimmy was the slyest dog,
 That ever sipp'd the barley ;
 And he was the meanest stag,
 From Dublin to Killarney.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

He was known all o'er the town,
 And held a high position ;
 But avarice pulled him down,
 Unto such dire perdition.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

To get money right or wrong,
 He schemed late and early ;
 To get blood-money was th' plan,
 He inform'd on Joe Brady.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

He swore away the lives of men,
 Who loved their country dearly ;
 On Afric's shore he got a pill,
 The wretch and spy Jim Carey.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

The dead shot of O'Donnell, Pat,
 Did its good work quite fairly ;
 And on the deck stiff and flat,
 Lay the body of Jim Carey.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

Informers, approvers, and spy,
 Will earn their money dearly ;
 On the gallows may they hang high,
 Or meet the fate of Carey.
 Ri to ra lo ral lam, etc.

THE QUEEN AND HER SWEET JOHNNY BROWN.

AIR.—MOLL ROE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

TENNYSON is a great poet,
He meets with Victoria's frown ;
And the whole world will know it,
If he does not write up John Brown.

CHORUS.

Ri whack fol al lara la lada,
Ri whack fol al lara la low ;
Ri whack fol al lara la lada,
A kiss from her sweet Johnny Brown.

No matter how pure his intention,
He will feel th' power of the Crown ;
And he will lose his nice pension,
If he does not praise up John Brown.
Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

Tennyson can't you be jolly,
Some kings had jesters and clowns ;
Write up some scandal or folly,
Of the Queen and her darling John Brown.
Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

Th' people were showering hisses,
As Vic rode from country to town ;
But she enjoy'd the sweet kisses,
Of her darling sweetheart John Brown.
Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

The scandal is too mean for to mention,
 Which caused the hisses and frown ;
 You may guess the Queen's intention,
 And her lover sweet Johnny Brown.
 Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

At Balmoral they were together,—
 They rambled from city and town ;
 And o'er the Scotch bonnie heather,
 She made love to sweet Johnny Brown.
 Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

Johnny lays low in his coffin,
 The Queen is now silly and gray ;
 And the people were laughing and "scoffin',"—
 But Johnny is now gone away.
 Ri whack fol al lara la lada, etc.

LAWYERS.

FRIEND or foe,
 It's all so so ;
 For law or jaw,
 Is civil war ;
 Words and great strife,
 For wealth and life,
 Money or fame,
 It's all the same.
 Lawyers speak bold,
 When they get your gold.
 Some one must bleed,
 When lawyers plead ;
 Oft their defense,
 Is great pretense.

EVACUATION DAY.

A HUNDRED years, this very day,
The twenty-fifth day of November ;
Loud shouts resounded along Broadway,
But who is left, who doth remember ?

How fleet the generations pass away,
The rich and poor, the young and hoary ;
All that is human must decay,
But noble deeds will ever live in story :

It was a grand and glorious day,
With martial music and rejoicing ;
The British fleet glided down the Bay,
In no mood for music or for fighting.

Huzzas and music resounded on the air,
There were great shouts of exultation ;
The British left New York in dismay,
Hurrah ! for their evacuation.

A sailor boy climbed the flag-staff high,
At Fort George, now called the Battery ;
The British flag, which then and there did fly,
He hauled down midst shouts of victory.

He hoisted the glorious stars and stripes,
Emblem of our immortal nation ;
The British flag vanished out of sight,
The people were wild with exultation.

Then Washington won praise and renown.

Columbia's patriot and commander ;
On his brow was placed a laurel crown,
For he was greater than Alexander !

His sword and commission he laid down,
A noble gift on freedom's altar ;
He spurned ambition and a crown,
In th' people's hearts he'll live hereafter.

The British lion fled o'er the main,
With terror and amidst commotion ;
Britons never will rule o'er us again,
Either on land or on the ocean !

On this day let there be a jubilee,
For the Britishers' evacuation ;
May Columbia rule the land and sea,
Long live our glorious nation !

OUR NATION'S VOLUNTEERS.

In sixty-one, began the civil war,
Bands were playing and the crowds rejoicing ;
The air was rent with many a huzza,
As th' volunteers marched on to fighting.

There were sighs and tears from mothers dear,
But for them the crowd had no pity ;
And sweethearts shed many a salt tear,
As th' volunteers march'd for th' land of Dixie.

Many a husband left a worthy wife,
 And young children in need of a father's care ;
 To join the army and war's bloody strife,
 For their country, they fill a soldier's grave.

Some left the plow, anvil, and the loom,
 Some were lawyers of exalted station ;
 Some left college and the public school,
 And lost the chance of an education.

Some were sad, and others were full of glee,
 For they were young—the world was before them ;
 And some were on a big drunken spree,
 As they march'd to meet the southern foemen.

What next follow'd—th' dangerous camp life,
 Long marches, guards, pickets, and drilling ;
 Night alarms and many a bloody strife,
 But th' volunteers were always willing.

After long marches oft with sore feet,
 Soldiers met around their camp kettles ;
 And in wind and rain, storm, frost, and sleet,
 'Midst shot and shell cook'd their scant victuals !

Grand were the charges of th' volunteers,
 In war's array on the battle-field ;
 O'er cannons' roar were heard their cheers,
 Before their steel th' valiant foe did yield.

And brave soldiers became invalids,
 From marching they were dying by inches ;
 Their camp the heavens or some friendly trees,
 Their bed the cold ground, swamps, and ditches.

Sick soldiers were summon'd to sick-call,
 For to swallow quinine and blue pill ;
 Drums beat the "Dead March in Saul,"
 For heroes who never more will drill.

After the battle what a shocking sight,
 Thousands of soldiers bleeding on the ground ;
 And through th' lonely, dark, and stormy night,
 No friendly hands were near to stanch their wounds.

Ah, what a sad and gloomy thing is death,
 Even when dearest friends are ever near ;
 Dying soldiers were left to moan and fret,
 Far from wives, sweethearts, and mothers dear.

The dying soldiers' blood did freely gush,
 And death's fever was creeping o'er his brow ;
 His tongue and lips were parch'd with burning thirst,
 He'd give the world to see his mother now.

Wound'd soldiers were thrown into carts or van,
 And driven off from the field of slaughter ;
 Th' volunteers bravely marched on and on,
 To meet the foe or retrieve disaster.

Soldiers were buri'd in trenches long and deep,
 And others were eaten by the beasts of prey ;
 And oft dear friends for them do sigh and weep,
 Alas ! their bones lay far and far away.

Prisoners were hurri'd to the rear,
 Amidst shouts and often great derision ;
 But brave soldiers never quail with fear,
 As they're hurried off to filthy prison.

In hospitals, soldiers died of sickness—deceased,
 And others of wounds received in line of duty ;
 But some now live—the Lord be ever praised,
 They well deserve the nation's thanks and bounty.

In sixty-five ended the civil war,
 It was the year of Lee's surrender ,
 The volunteers returned with wounds and scars,
 Their deeds their country should well remember.

Volunteers who once were tall and straight,
 Now are getting old, sick, and hoary ;
 They are full of rheums, feeble is their gait,
 From long marches, sickness, conflicts gory.

Soldiers who conquered on the battle-field,
 Suffer from disease and destitution !
 To death from sickness soon they must yield,
 For delicate is their constitution.

Good Uncle Sam is both rich and great,
 And the people, pure is their intention ;
 Congress now before it is too late,
 Should give the soldiers a good pension.

Washington's soldiers, your memory I recall,
 Heroes, of Eighteen Twelve, how few regret you ;
 Soldiers who plant'd our flag on Montezuma's hall,
 I hope the nation will never forget you.

While in the south, the brave volunteers,
 The damp cold ground was their place of sleeping ;
 From cold and hunger, for months and years,
 Some disease was through their system creeping.

Hail, Columbia, with three cheers !

Brother soldiers, you I well remember ;
And may our country for years and years,
Have volunteers ready to defend her.

Brother soldiers, now adieu, adieu,
Here's a health to all the Sons of Mars ;
May our country cherish love for you,
And our Navy—brave and gallant tars.

Colonel Dudley, long may you live,
To grant the soldiers and the widows pension ;
Their heartfelt thanks to you they'll ever give,
For your ever kind and prompt attention !

THE DRUMMER BOY.

THE soldiers looked so tall and grand,
A glorious sight to see ;
As they marched for Dixie land,
To keep the country free.
Weep no more, mother dear,
Weep no more for me ;
Weep no more for your drummer boy,
Who sleeps near the cypress tree.

There was a drummer in that band,
His heart was firm and true ;

He was the darling of his dad,
 And of his mother too.
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

He beat his drum on dress parade,
 And at evening tattoo ;
 Gayly he wore his nice cockade,
 At every review.
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

He beat the long-roll in the camp,
 And when the foe did yield ;
 He beat his drum for th' boys to tramp,
 Off to the battle-field
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

And in battle he did fall,
 His comrade was near ;
 There he received a minie ball,
 Which ended his career.
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

He said unto his comrade, near,
 " Will you do this for me ;
 Take this letter to mother, dear ?
 Tell her, don't cry for me."
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

Then he closed his eyes in death,
 His marching now is o'er ;
 For him his mother weeps and frets,
 Her heart is sad and sore.
 Weep no more, mother, dear, etc.

THE BRAVE SOLDIER LADS THAT ARE GALLANT AND TRUE.

A MARCH.

Our banners were flying,
 And drums they did rattle,
 What a glorious sight is the red, white, and blue ;
 While off to the wars,
 The boys were advancing,
 The brave soldier lads that were gallant and true.
 With drumming and fifeing,
 The crowds were rejoicing,
 To see the brave soldiers all dressed in blue ;
 But mothers were crying,
 And lovers were dying,
 For the brave soldier lads that were gallant and true.
 For soldiers are jolly,
 And up to some folly,
 Then out with the lights at evening tattoo ;
 They were laughing and joking,
 For the boys will be sporting,
 The brave soldier lads that were gallant and true.
 On guard and on duty,
 They charm some beauty,
 They make a grand show on parade and review ;
 For marching and drilling,
 The boys are all willing,
 The brave soldiers lads that are gallant and true.
 In war and in slaughter,
 Brave boys never falter,
 They will stand to their colors, the red, white and blue ;
 And their country's foes,
 They will surely conquer,
 The brave soldier lads that are gallant and true.

THE BOYS THAT SAVED THE UNION.

ON the field of slaughter our banner then did wave,
 And the noble volunteers the Union's life did save ;
 Th' boys in blue were firm and true when duty bid them go,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

The brave volunteers were then in prime of years,
 They left mothers and sweethearts in a flood of tears ;
 Their hearts were light to march and fight, they knew no grief
 or woe,

The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

On the field of battle amidst shot and shell,
 Gallant were their charges, loudly did they yell ;
 Many of those heroes in the grave lie low,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

Around the camp fire many a joke went round,
 'Midst laughter of the soldier boys lying on the ground ;
 But their merry jokes we never shall hear more,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

Where are the soldier boys who then were full of fun,
 And for th' sake of a good joke, many a trick was done ;
 When I think of those jolly boys my heart is sad and sore,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

Where are the merry lads whose hearts were full of glee,
 When they gobbl'd a chicken or went on a spree ;
 But those merry boys we never shall see more,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

And the volunteers who then were proud and gay,
 Now are quite feeble—getting old and gray ;
 Few'll be their numbers—twenty years or so,
 The boys that saved the Union twenty years ago.

WE WILL HAVE HOME MANUFACTURES IN EVERY TOWN.

ARISE, from your slumbers from mountain to sea,
 You sons of old Ireland if you wish to be free ;
 Down, down with the serpent—England's vile power,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

We'll import no more goods from English marts,
 We'll encourage at home both science and arts ;
 Long, long we have foster'd monopolists' power,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

We will wear Irish linen and woolen stuffs,
 For Irish patriots they will do well enough ;
 For long we have cherished old England's vile power,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

We will wear no more fabrics of English looms .
 We'll leave them to dandies, to knaves, and to fools ;—
 We'll sever the Union with England's crown,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

We'll make our own laws, and protect men of toil,
 And the nation will reap the fruits of the soil ;
 No longer we'll fight for old England's renown,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

We'll unfurl the banner—"we will pay no more rent,"
 We'll eat our own beef and pork, it is our intent ;
 No longer we will pamper the lordly power,
 We'll have home manufactures in every town !

O, Irishmen, Irishmen, you will never be free,
 While you fight England's battles by land or sea ;
 You will never be free though you're honest and bold,
 While you wear a red jacket or take British gold !

ENGLAND AND FREE TRADE.

 AIR.—BILLY O. ROURKE.

ABOUT three hundred years or so,
 The British did not falter ,
 The man who stole or sold a sheep,
 Was swung with the same halter.
 Hurrah, my boys, let us rejoice,
 The Prince of Wales is funny ;
 Now, he's shouting for free trade,
 The British want our money.

When old England had our trade,
 Great was her exultation ;
 The man who spoke then of free trade,
 His doom was transportation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

To Brother Jonathan they said,
 " You know we never falter ;
 You have th' spade and we your trade,
 Or faith you'll swing with a halter."
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

England ruined Ireland's trade,
 Likewise her navigation ;
 She stole the loom, but left the spade,
 Poverty and starvation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

To grab our trade in flax and wool,
 Was England's " rhyme and reason " ;

To sell the Yankees then a loom ;
 The British called it treason.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Whoever put on board a ship,
 Tools to manufacture linen
 To Bottany he got a trip,
 Or was cag'd in British prison.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

He who hired a workingman,
 To leave the British nation ;
 His neck was swung by the hangman,
 Or he got transportation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

If a mechanic went abroad,
 To work in a foreign nation ;
 He should come home whenever told,
 Or else it was confiscation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

For three hundred years or more,
 Old England's legislation ;
 Her traffic spread from shore to shore,
 With joy and exultation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

When a mechanic crossed the main,
 He was sure of detection ;
 When order'd he should come home again,
 Or lose the king's protection.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Americans don't forget the day,
 Of the great revolution ;

British tea was sunk in Boston Bay,
 It was fair retribution.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Old England did not want to teach,
 The Yankee cotton weavers ;
 Protection then was England's creed,
 The Yankees got no favors.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

We hear the shouts of Cobden Club,
 About American taxation ;
 To ruin our trade that is the rub,
 And old England's expectation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

To Americans this I say :
 Whatever be your position,
 Let's spread our trade by land and sea,
 And work our independence.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Now, a word with both trade and spade,
 Be this our expectation :
 To build up here a world's trade,
 And make this a great nation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

And if old England should ever send,
 A king to American shore, sirs ;
 We will have stout ships for to defend
 The doctrine of Monroe, sirs.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Britannia now rules the waves,
 With shouts of admiration ;

Our towns and ships she set ablaze,
 What dreadful devastation.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

Hurrah, now, for our big war ships,
 We'll be a mighty power ;
 The Britishers we then can whip,
 And Mexico will be ours.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

A health unto the boys in blue,
 The gallant Sons of Mars, sirs ;
 Build up a navy stout and true,
 And be prepared for war, sirs.
 Hurrah, my boys, etc.

VOTE FOR A YANKEE NAVY.

You Congressmen, who make our laws,
 And spend much time in party jars ;
 Don't you forget the Sons of Mars,
 And our gallant navy.
 Remember, that in days of yore,—
 The British fleet was on our shore ;
 The lion then did growl and roar,—
 Shouts from th' British navy.

Don't you forget how Tammy Gage,
 The Yankee boys did then enrage ;
 Till Washington did him encage,
 Fast in Boston Harbor.

The Yankees had no navy then,
 But they had stout and noble men ;
 Who glory won on Bunker Hill,
 Despite th' British navy.

Washington made this remark,
 Th' British fleet is in New York ;
 On th' Hudson is bloody work,
 By the British navy.
 When Washington espied a sail,
 He said my boys we'll now prevail ;
 For the shouts on the eastern gale,
 Are from th' Gaulic navy.

Cornwallis this day we'll bag,
 We will pull down the British flag ;
 Trail in the dust that flaunting rag,
 There comes the Gaulic navy.
 He said th' battle is now begun,
 Handle your bayonet and your gun,
 A long, long shout, the field is won,
 Long live th' Gaulic navy.

The British fleet came o'er again,
 The Yankee boys for to tame ;
 They burnt our towns—that's the game,
 Of the British navy.
 And in our late civil war,
 The British fleet—British tars ;
 The southern gates left ajar,
 Thus, did th' British navy.

From th' British fleet a pirate crew,
 Over the wave like a sea-bird flew ;

Our merchant ships they sunk and blew,
 Pirates of the navy.
 You Congressmen, now in brief,
 That day you'll rue and come to grief,
 If you vote 'gainst our bonnie fleet,
 'Gainst our Yankee na

Heed not the speeches of poltroons,
 The Yankee boys and the "garsoons,"
 Can whip the dudes and traitor loons,
 Who vote 'gainst the navy.
 The Yankees soon can proudly boast,
 Hurry and fortify our coast,
 With torpedoes, guns, and boats,
 And a gallant navy.

Then we will say to old Spain,
 Here is money, gold, and grain ;
 For your island in the main,
 A harbor for our navy.
 And Mexico we'll soon annex,
 We'll bid defiance to the Guelphs
 And to th' lion's saucy whelps,
 With a Yankee navy.

If they send over here a king,
 We'll twist his ugly head for him ;
 We are the boys can do that thing,
 Vote for a Yankee navy.
 Here is a health to th' boys in blue
 Our jolly tars the same to you ;
 To your country prove ever true,
 Long live the Yankee nation !

LET US HAVE TOLERATION.

Don't call him a traitor-hack
 Who votes for Blaine and "Black Jack ;"
 For of bigotry it doth smack,
 Let us have toleration !

They who with Beecher now doth screech,
 And about bread and water preach,
 And for free trade parade the street,
 Let them have toleration.

And he who shouts for free trade,
 And for England's loom and blade,
 And for Cleveland doth parade,
 Let him have toleration.

He who votes for working men,
 And for stout and brave old Ben,
 Who is trying to break th' ring,
 Let him have toleration.

A man is not bought for pelf,
 Who casts his vote to suit himself ;
 If not of freedom he's bereft,
 Let him have toleration.

It is not the divine plan,
 For to vote to suit a clan ;
 Let him vote as a freeman,
 Let him have toleration !

He who votes for John the Saint,
 Tho' his name is old or quaint,
 Who drinks cold water till he's faint,
 Let him have toleration.

Freedom, freedom, oh, for free speech,
 Oh, be tolerant and discreet ;
 Don't call a man a knave or thief,
 Who votes at his pleasure.

THE POET.

THE poet you'd better not deride,
 Nothing constant (—) as hate and pride ;
 All other passions with time do wane,—
 Hate and pride are born of self-esteem.

The bard when rich or independent poor,
 No mercy shows to the churlish boor !!

SKATING AT THE RINKS.

WHAT are the people now about ?
 Sure, I cannot think ;—
 It looks like a craze,
 Skating at the rink.
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

There goes a gray-head sire,
 Round about he skips ;
 Now he lays on the floor,
 With a broken hip.
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

There goes an ancient dame
 With a broken wrist ;
 She had a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

There goes a spooney snob,
 Rolling on the floor ;
 Now he gets a flop,
 Sure his sides are sore !
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

There goes a pretty girl,
 At her beau she winks ;
 Now she tumbles on th' floor,
 Mothers, what do you think ?

Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

Now it is all laughter,
 Now they shout and titter ;
 For the boys and the girls
 Tumble all together.
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

Oh ! fathers and mothers,
 You'd better now keep cool ;
 Don't you know the rink
 Is a sparking school ?
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

All are rolling on th' floor,
 They are all amaze ;
 They look like a bedlam,
 Or some other craze !
 Up and down, round about,
 Sighs and smiles and winks ;
 Haven't they a jolly time
 Skating at the rinks !

THE LAMENT OF THE MEXICAN VOLUNTEERS.

AIR.—AS I WAS GOING TO DERBY.

WHEN we were young and in our bloom,
 We were not afraid to go
 And leave our mothers and sweethearts,
 For the wars in Mexico.

Now we are old and feeble,
 Now we are old and gray,
 But our Congressmen
 Our pension will not pay.

We fought with General Taylor,
 We fought with General Scott ;
 And against the Mexicans
 We were as firm as a rock.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

We fought with General Quitman,
 We fought with General Shields ;
 And before our gallant charges
 The Mexicans did yield.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

We fought with General Pillow,
 And with Johnson and Hardee ;
 With Pierce and brave McClellan,
 With Twiggs and Colonel Lee.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

We fought at Buena Vista,
 We fought at Monterey ;

We fought at Churubusco,
 Where we gained the day.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

We march'd through fevers and through fogs,
 'And where duty bid us go ;
 We planted the stars and stripes
 On the towers of Mexico.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

We sigh for our comrades dear,
 For the thousands who lie low ;
 They are taking their last sleep,
 On the plains of Mexico.
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

And of our gallant army,
 Our numbers are now so few ;
 We well deserve a pension,
 To our country we were true !
 Now we are old and feeble, etc.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER.

WHEN our country was in danger from a foreign foe,
 I left my friends and parents for the wars in Mexico ;
 With my gun upon my shoulder southward I did steer,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

I fought at Palo Alto, I fought at Monterey,
 I fought at Buena Vista, where we cleared the way ;
 I fought old Santa Anna till he scampered like a deer,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

I fought at Cerro Gordo—it was a bloody field,
 And before our gallant charges the Mexicans did yield ;
 There we fought them hand-to-hand with bayonet, gun, and
 spear,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

And at Churubusco I fought the sullen foe,—
 At the storming of Chapultepec where thousands now lie low ;
 There the haughty Mexicans we put to flight and fear,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

And before our charges Mexico did fall,
 I planted the stars and stripes on Montezuma's hall ;
 Now I am poor, and have no friends, I sigh for my youthful
 years,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

Now we are old and feeble, now we are old and gray,
 I hope our worthy Congressmen our pension will soon pay ;
 And that our country's bounty will cheer our drooping years,
 It was my delight to march and fight—the Yankee Volunteer.

A LAUGH.

I LIKE the joyous laugh
 Of my boyhood days ;
 But I don't like the laugh
 That sounds like a bray !

THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL

AIR.—SUSANNA.

For many years I patronized,
The ale-house day and night ;
The landlord greeted me,
And hailed me with delight.
I spent my money merrily,
Until my cash ran dry ;
Then he turned me out of doors
In drunkenness for to die.
Oh ! rumsellers, don't you cry for me,
I'm going to take the temperance pledge,
And have my liberty.

I worked early and late,
My pockets for to fill ;
Until I became a slave,
To the worm of the still.
I was once as gay a lad
As ever you did spy ;
Now I am a drunken sot,
In the gutter I do lie.
Oh ! rumsellers, don't you cry for me, etc.

I had money for to spend,
And pleasure I did see ;
Now I'm poor and have no friends,
They shun my company.
I will go and work again,
This country is free ;

I will keep from rum and gin,
From whiskey and a spree.

Oh! rumsellers, don't you cry for me, etc.

I had friends and I had fun,
Wherever I did go ;

Until whiskey, gin, and rum,
Has proved my overthrow.

I will be a man again,

To the rum shops I'll not go ;

I'll keep from whiskey, rum, and gin,

And wear my Sunday clothes.

Oh! rumsellers, don't you cry for me, etc.

Once I had as happy a home,

As you would wish to see ;

I used to sing Home, Sweet Home,

With baby on my knee.

Now I live a wretched life,

My children cry for bread ;

Darling in the church-yard lie,—

I wish that I was dead !

Oh! rumsellers, don't you cry for me, etc.

THE DRUNKARD'S VOW.

AIR.—MARY BLAIN.

IN the ale-house for pleasure,

I spent night and day ;

It's there I spent my treasure,

My friends did me blame.

Then farewell, farewell,
 Farewell to all that's gay ;
 Farewell to all the whiskey shops,
 I'll ne'er get drunk again.

A drunkard at th' whiskey bars,—
 Often it was my doom ;
 To sleep within th' prison bars,
 A prisoner in th' tombs.
 Then farewell, farewell, etc.

When I had plenty of money,
 My dress was quite genteel ;
 Now I'm a drunken fellow,
 Half naked in the street.
 Then farewell, farewell, etc.

I married a good wife,
 I spent her wealth and gain ;
 With me she had a wretch'd life,
 In tears, she did complain,
 Then farewell, farewell, etc.

My wife wept with great anguish,
 Our children wanted bread ;
 Poor thing, how she did languish,
 She wish'd that she was dead.
 Then farewell, farewell, etc.

Now, I'll go and sign the pledge,
 No more I'll be a slave ;
 I will be a man again,
 And shun a drunkard's grave !
 Then farewell, farewell, etc.

THE WAR OF 1812.

IN Eighteen Twelve, th' British fleet,
Crossed the briny ocean ;
Then our towns they set ablaze,
'Midst shouts of wild commotion.

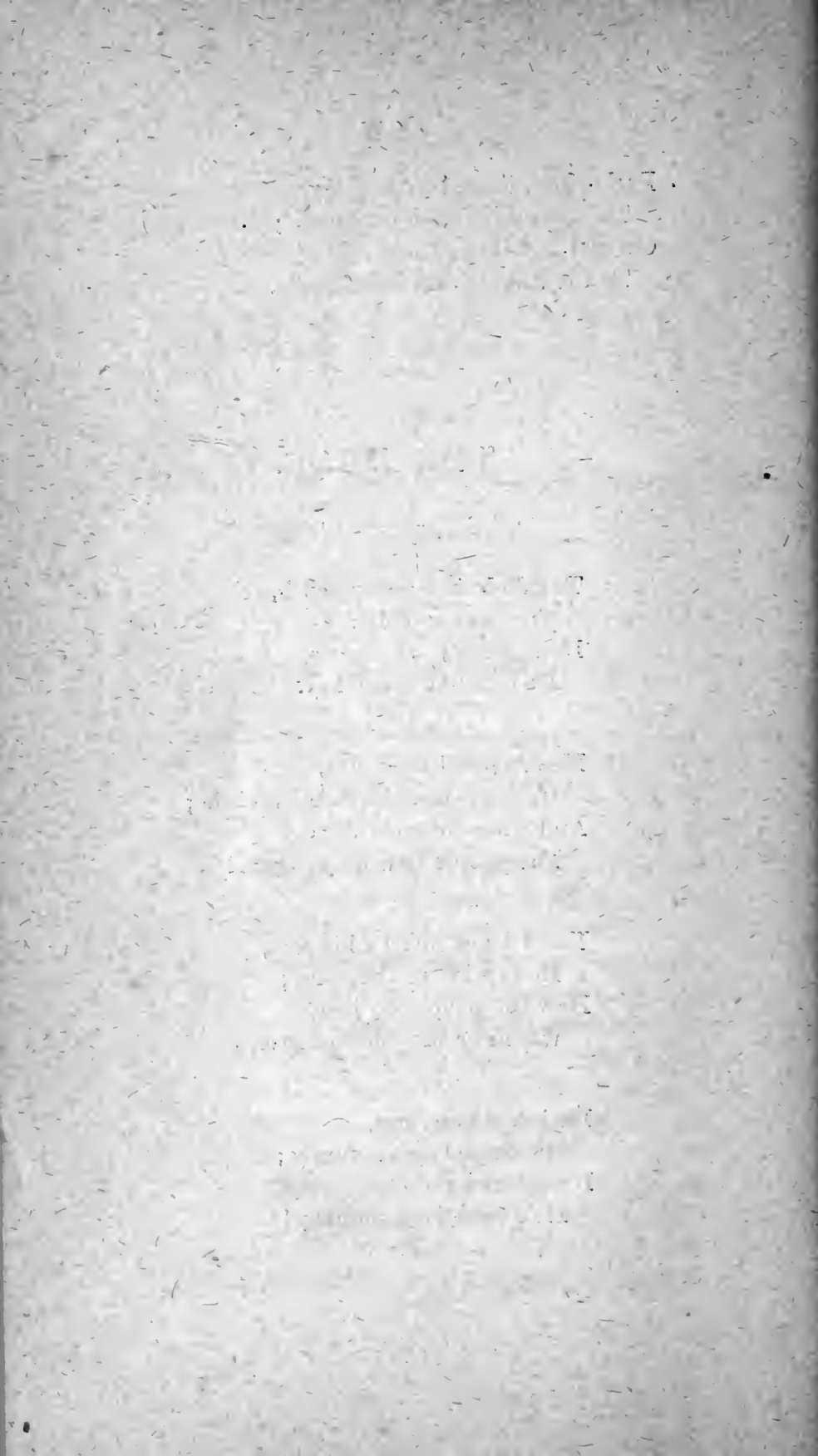
They thought the Yankees to enslave,
But they met with retribution ;
For their ships were sunk in th' deep wave,
By the gallant *Constitution* !

The British tars did proudly boast,
But the Yankees did not worry ;
They knew they had stout hearts of oak,
In Macdonough and brave Perry.

And Paul Jones and his brave men,
Shall we forget them, never ;
Who whipp'd the lion to his den,
And made him howl with terror !

Long live the fame of our gallant tars,
Who won such reputation ;
For in that eventful war,
They sav'd the Yankee nation.

Th' Red Coats march'd with fire and brand,
Along our western border ;



THE LE SUEUR LITANY,

FOR

DORAN-LE SUEUR RING, MINNESOTA.

A SATIRE.

By P. CUDMORE, Esq.,

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.

Author of the "Civil Government of the States and the Constitutional History of the United States," the "Irish Republic," "President Grant and Political Rings," Poems and Songs, etc., etc

WHERE Doran will go th' fiend can tell—
He emigrated from back of Kells—
He came over in a rotten ship ;
Cursed be that hulk that did not sink.
This boor rambled o'er the nation,
In Le Sueur he fix'd his station,
To get office—power—filthy pelf,
Unto to the devil he sold himself—
He who in the arch fiend puts his trust,
Be he for ever, ever, accursed.
May grass, grain and fruit refuse to grow,
Wherever this vile serpent doth go.
May his land yield neither grain nor trees,
But thistles, thorns, briars and rankest weeds.

May all he touches ever be accurst,
And like dead sea fruit be turned to dust—
Be he inflict'd with plagues most dire—
May heav'n shower on him Sodom's fire.
May his house lack coal, turf, heath and wood,
He's goat lack hair, and his sheep lack wool—
May snakes, frogs, toads, lizards be his dish,
And may he never catch a fowl or fish.
May mice gnaw his beds, carpets and mats
And may his clothes be eaten by the rats.
May his goat, sheep, and cow nev'r give milk,
May his fish, meat, butter ever stink.
May ev'ry thief with a pilf'ring hand
Take a bond and dollar from his bank.
May ev'ry robber that roams the plains
His wealth, bonds, house, mill, and bank assail.
May ev'ry mouse and rat with a tail
His elevator and mill assail—
May his horse have glanders—spavin—rot—
May th' blind staggers take his mule and ass.
May every pestilential woe
Fall on the old Nova Scotia crow—
Those the ring lead by the voices and nose
Curs'd be they if they give the ring a vote!!
May the boor—Satan's vile dupe and slave
Nev'r be buried in a christian grave.
May his body rot on an unknown heath
Without coffin, shroud, or winding sheet.
There let his flesh rot and his bones bleach,
The sport of winds, frost, snow, ice and sleet—
My Satires of sulphur doth savor,
Yet I write without fear or favor—
In my poems, the plain truth I tell,
And make the Doran-Ring rave and yell—
May rain nor dew nev'r fall on th' boor's lands,

THE LE SUEUR LITANY.

May his lands dry up like desert sands.
May all his wealth be ever curst,
May all his plans like bubbles burst—
May his garden and his mansion house
By a great earthquake be gulped down—
And may his flowers and sweet perfumes
All be swallow'd in a stagnant pool—
And the school boys when that way they pass
Will say "there stood th' house of Doran th' Ass."
May th' boor suffer ev'ry vexation,
Yea, and the whole world's execration.
And let this be his benediction,
The whole creation's malediction.
May the prophet's curse—Jew—Crescent—Cross,
Fall on the Nova Scotia Ass!!
May martyrs' blood of ev'ry nation,
Bring Doran-Ring an imprecation;
May th' curse o' ev'ry magi, seer and bard,
On the Doran-Ring forever fall.
Th' curse of Moses and every hag
May fall on the nuisance-lying hack.
May th' anathema of Greece and Rome
Fall on Doran-Ring till th' day of doom.
May all who vote for Doran hacks
Have the railroad bonds upon their backs.
Farewell forever to th' Doran ring,
In softer strains, oh, heav'nly goddess sing!

DUNNELL'S ASS.

In Owatonna, there is a vile sheet,
Scribbled by mean low creatures ;
You'll know them as they walk the street,
By their grim and ugly features.

The sheet is read by mighty few,
Some money borrowers and traders ;
It is run by a skinny Jew,
Who makes a victim take his paper.

Behold the poor wretch on the street,
His phiz is mean, low and sallow ;
Cent per cent from the poor he'd squeeze,
He'd skin a flea for its tallow.

Soaper and roper is a shave,
Who adjusts the hangman's halter—
And at his vile, mean, wicked trade,
Never, never does he falter.

The Ass of the Herald's slave,
He's a low dunce and assaulter ;
After election he will rave,
On his neck he'll slip a halter.

When he will leave this world of woe,
He'll go to a climate warmer ;
When he will reach that clime below,
Sooty, Oh ! 'll give him a hot corner.

AN EPITAPH ON DUNNELL'S ASS.

Donkey Soper lies in this hole,
He had a gizzard but no soul ;
Dunnell's sand oft he did haul,
With Dunnell ring he did fall.
Reptile like, he crawl'd on his belly,
To worship Dunnell and Bill Kelly.
He sold himself here—hereafter,
For the office of post-master.
But the office he did not get,
He died of the spleen and regret.
Rats and mice at his grave qualm,
And the night-owls sing a psalm!

THE WRETCH WHO CHEATS THE PRINTERS.

Some people to their word won't stick,
 They run bills with many dealers ;
 They're ever, ever, running tick,
 They won't pay for books or papers.

When you meet them on the street,
 They are meek and very civil ;
 Their bills they are slow to meet,
 They're cursed by the printer's devil.

Some are low and wicked knaves,
 They'd steal a blind man's dinner ;
 But the meanest of the mean—
 The wretch who cheats the printer.

Some are not just—or true,
 They are low knaves and they know it ;
 But the day they will rue,
 That they are cursed by a poet.

I shall write up a black list,
 In a poem of defrauders,
 Their names will make a long list,
 Who for my book are defaulters.

I am writing up a curse—look,
 Some people won't think it charming ;
 Those who won't pay for my book,
 From this poem now take warning.

The wretch who cheats the printers,
 Never, never will have luck ;
 For his name with vile sinners,
 Is writ in the de'il's black book !

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC.

England, England, the people you enthrall,
Your kings will downward slide and fall!
God is just—what fearful retribution—
You, despots, fear the coming revolution.
Your flag, which brought you power and gain,
Will soon be swept from every main!
And in your harbors, slips, and fine docks,
There your merchant ships will lay and rot!
The sails of commerce no longer spread,
Now the people starve for work and bread.
Th' busy marts where flourished wealth and trade,
Show the sad destruction of th' midnight blaze.
Britons who fought for England's renown—
Plunder'd countries, and the wealthy town.
England's fleet—driven from ev'ry foreign shore—
England's starved millions plunder now at home!
Ah, you, who carried war near and far,
Behold the horrors of internicine war.
England, who warr'd on the world o'er,
Your own sons will be your direst foe.
Despotism will surely meet its doom,
The conflict 'ill be between th' rich and poor.
Th' rich should n't forget that wealth and poverty,
Hold different views o' th' rights of property!
Down, down, with despots and th' tyrants' rag!
Hail revolution and freedom's flag!
Let war on all despots never cease,
Fling the skull and cross-bones to the breeze!
Summer in winter—winter in spring,
England will have neither queen nor king.
The Irish-republic 'll take her station
Among the most enlightened nations!!

RULES FOR SCHOOLS.

THE GOOD SCHOOL-GIRL.

A good girl is worth much gold ;
As oft has been said and told.
At school, she never whispers,
She does not laugh or titter.
At school, she's never bold,
And her teacher she'll not scold.
For she studies with much care,
She's a lady good and fair ;
She is mindful of her duty,
Like an angel, she's a beauty.
And this beauty, do we find,
Is a cultivated mind.
In word, she is ever true ;
For she minds the golden rule.
She obeys father and mother,
She's kind to sister and brother.
And her mind is free from taint,
She is indeed a young saint.
For the wicked, she need not fret,
She will always gain respect.
May grief and care ne'er fret her,
May God protect and bless her !
Mind these rules, as a wise adage,
At home, at school, and at college !

THE GOOD SCHOOL-BOY:

A good boy you can always tell,
You need not call him with a yell.
In the morning he does not shirk
For he promptly does up his work.

He does not play the idle truant ;
 He trudges quietly off to school.
 The scholars he does not worry,
 For his mind is bent on study.
 At school he does not prattle,
 Out of school, he'll not battle.
 He is not in mischief or strife,
 He doesn't cut the seat with a knife.
 He has not much idle prate,
 He doesn't tear books—break his slate.
 His parents he'll always please,
 The small boys he'll never tease.
 And his clothes he does not tear,
 He has clean hands and combed hair.
 He is never grumbling or crying,
 Or pouting, sulking or lying.
 Trading knives, he is no trickster,
 He never scolds or whips his sister.
 And the place where he stands or sits,
 Is n't cover'd with tobacco spits.
 He doesn't tramp on the stairs or floor,
 And, in cold weather, he shuts th' door ;
 On the floor he makes no sound,
 He ne'er gapes or looks around.
 He does not make mouths or gestures,
 On his slate, he doesn't make pictures.
 He does not use mean low slang,
 He does n't shut the door slam bang.
 At his teacher he makes no —— faces,
 Monkey-like, he makes no grimaces !
 The teacher he will ne'er annoy,
 May God ever bless the good boy !
 Mind these rules, as a wise adage,
 At home, at school, and at college !!!

A HOUSE O' LORDS'-MAN FOR A PENNY.

The Tories now must all gang,
I am sure it is a pity ;
The burden now of my song,
A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
Fa, la, la, la, fa la, la, la, lido.

Hurrah for the O'Connor man,
The man from Galway city ;
We'll abolish the feudal sham,
A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, lido.

A few lords now hold the lands,
God made it for the many ;
The people have fire and brands,
A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
Fa, la, la, la, fa la, la, la, lido.

Abolish the house of peers,
There is one house too many ;
Its fit for sneers and jeers,
A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, lido.

Make a thousand peers for life,
The plan is as good as any ;
For it will end the land strife,
A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
Fa, la, la la, fa, la, la, la, lido.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO C. L. LOWELL:

We have friends when we have power,
Or wealth, honor, or great fame ;
Oft they'll forsake us in the hour,
Of poverty, grief or shame ;
Some friends their grief do express,
For our pain and adversity ;
Some friends their grief is excess,
For our fame and prosperity.
Dear, indeed, is the true friend,
For his friendship we can claim ;
For on him we can depend ;
The friend who's ever the same !
A mutual friend sleeps in the grave,
I found his friendship like a jewel !
Fixed as the north star—the same,
I have found your friendship, C. L. Lowell !
Our friendship let naught sever,
We have seen adversity ;
May our names go together,
To remote posterity.

EPIGRAM—LOVE.

Those sick with love,
Should ne'er forget,
That there's no love
Without respect.

To cherish love
 You'll find I ween,
 That all true love
 Comes from esteem.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

O may the good Lord above,
 Have mercy on us sinners
 May we live in peace and love,
 And always have good dinners.

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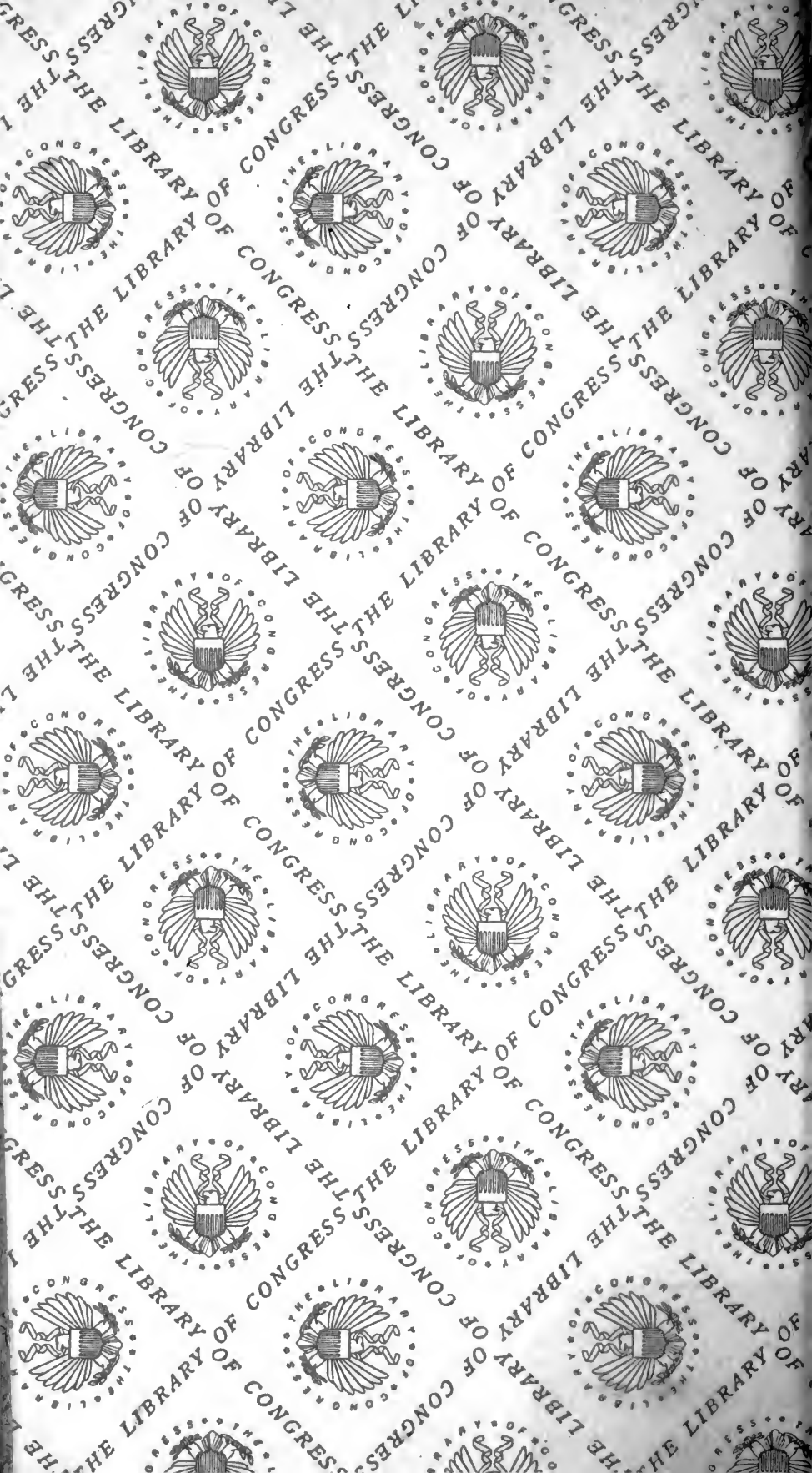
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